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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 143.—Vol. XI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 29, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d

Photo FATHER VAUGHAN AT HARROGATE *Illustrations Bureau*

Father Vaughan, the famous Jesuit, is taking a course of waters at Harrogate preparatory to resuming his flagellation of the Smart Set

(An article on Father Vaughan appears on page 420)

No. 143.—Vol. XI.

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Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
August 29, 1906

The Gentle Art of Tipping

If some latter-day prophet would rise up and denounce the vile and wicked custom of tipping, he would attain that universal goal—popularity—with a celerity which will only be beaten by that of the poet who "awoke to find himself famous." He would also be labouring for a worthy cause. For the evils and annoyances of the tipping system concern all decent people, of which the great bulk of English Society is formed, *i.e.*, the old aristocratic families, the county people, and the upper middle class. It is on these the hotel tipping system falls the heaviest, for they are the people who patronise hotels the most, and are not generally over-burdened with this world's goods, while the iniquitous practice of tipping a retinue of servants at the conclusion of a country house-party affects even people who own a long purse. I know at least a dozen men—good shots and good fellows, all fairly well off—who regularly, each year, refuse invitations to shoot simply because they either cannot afford or do not feel inclined to spend from £5 to £10 in tips, in addition to their fares, on a country house visit lasting from three to six days, and these men are bachelors.

* * *

The Enormous Tip Bill

The tip bill, when one visits in company with one's wife, is often an item which even millionaires have been known to kick at. Regardless of the fact that your wife takes her own maid and extracts service from nobody else, at the end of the visit half a dozen housemaids and the like would appear to have been overworked by the mere fact of her presence. Regardless, too, of the presence of your own man, who also does every single thing for you that you don't do yourself, the day of departure never yet dawned but that you found that all the men-servants in the house had been seriously inconvenienced by your demands on their time and labours. A woman who visits a great deal once told me that she spent less money during the season than at any other time of the year, "For," said she, "I use my own house, my own servants, and my own carriages, and I don't have to tip them."

Photo *Paterson, Inverness*

The Highland March of the London Scottish: Colonel Greig and Major Malcolm addressing their men from "Cumberland's Stone," on the field of the Battle of Culloden

Four hundred men of the London Scottish R.V. have just taken a march through the Highlands from Ballinluig to Inverness. Many historic spots in Scottish and English history were passed *en route*, not the least interesting being the field of Culloden, where the Duke of Cumberland routed the Young Pretender in 1746

The "Dine and Sleep" Tip

In fact, tipping has become a serious imposition, to such extreme lengths has it been carried. Take, for instance, a week-end visit. Though one only arrives in time to dress for dinner on the Saturday, and leaves by a fairly early train on the Monday, there are at least half a dozen people who positively insist on being tipped. There is the footman who carries your suit-case from the train to the car. There is the chauffeur who carries you from the station to the house. There is the butler who, assisted by still another footman, is good enough to notice how much you eat and drink at dinner. There is another person who gives you a whiskey and soda in the billiard-room, and there is the man who unpacks your suit-case and turns on the bath-tap for you.

* * *

Is It Worth It?

Sometimes, if your luck is clean out, your host insists on taking you round the garden and stables after breakfast. Then the head coachman and the head gardener and a few underlings of the same ilk are added to the list. At the station, a seat can only be procured by means of a silver key handed apologetically to the guard. Arrived in Town, your bag, whose value has already, together with its contents, been paid for about ten times over in tips, is seized and laboriously carried three yards to a cab by a porter who sniffs audibly at threepence, and at the journey's end, unless one presents the cabby with two fares instead of one, there is language. I fear, however, that tipping, like many other hoary abuses which everyone complains about but never checks, is the outcome of a moral cowardice in the average being. We grudge tipping, know we are being imposed on, but we have not sufficient courage—energy if you prefer it—to make a stand. And so a really objectionable and encroaching habit continues to flourish.

* * *

In the illustration on the preceding page, Colonel Greig and Major Malcolm are seen addressing the London Scottish Volunteers from the top of "Cumberland's Stone" on the Battle of Culloden Moor. A rather ticklish subject this. It is to be hoped that none of the regiment are descendants of the rebels who were so signally overcome by "the butcher."

THE VULTURES

(*Suggested by the South African Committee Revelations*)

Hovering, hankering, bloated—blots on a quivering sky,
Hotly atrack of carnage—where the lead-levellers fly—
Where the war units assemble—(where the long contracts run)—
Come the foul-throated aasvogels,
Eager, shark-gutted aasvogels,
(Misrepresented aasvogels),
Full on the trail of your dead, Tommy, out of the range of your gun.

Triumph or bloody disaster—devil may play with the Cause,
'Long as your carrion fattens Rosenstein's alien maws—
'Long as your stiffening carcase—(shekels in Khaki disguise)—
Fattens the taloned aasvogels,
Ravenous, gorging aasvogels,
(Wantonly slandered aasvogels),
All on the perch with the Staff, Tommy, loving the O.C. Supplies!

For your loud trumpets of glory wake to a sinister mirth
Loose-bellied harpies in dozens out the dank holes of the earth,
Shrieking of cannon and corpses—(telling of profits and swag)—
Dozens of lusting aasvogels,
Scrambling, Hebraic aasvogels,
(Dot-vos-not-Moses aasvogels),
All for the sake of your soul, Tommy, all for the love of the Flag!

LEWIS HASTINGS.

BYSTANDER "EVERYWHERE" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

Some months ago THE BYSTANDER offered a prize of 10*s.* 6*d.* for any photograph sent by a reader of the paper abroad, which embraced three essential features: (1) The photograph had to show local colouring; (2) Had to be interesting as such; and (3) THE BYSTANDER had to appear somewhere in the picture. In this issue, on another page, some prize photographs are published which will show our readers abroad what kind of photographs were considered as fulfilling these simple conditions.

Without interfering with this Competition, we have decided to enlarge its scope by including the British Isles, and this decision has been come to owing to the large number of requests we have received from our readers at home. This explains, therefore, why we call the Competition the "Everywhere"—it embraces readers at home and abroad. At the same time, competitors in the British Isles have to recognise that with the average photograph taken the second requisite to prize-winning requires some little thought and care. In this respect competitors at home are at a disadvantage with those resident abroad.

For instance, in the photograph published in our list this week, the one showing THE BYSTANDER in the Hinterland of Africa is very interesting. On the other hand, a photograph, say, of THE BYSTANDER on Margate Jetty, or on Hampstead Heath, would fail signally to fulfil the condition of "interest." Originality, therefore, requires to be exercised with regard to photographs sent in by those at home. As an example, a photograph taken, say, on the summit of Mount Snowden would be eminently suitable. Or, again, a photograph of someone descending in a parachute and reading THE BYSTANDER would be original.

There will be no limit to the number of photographs each competitor may submit, but only one prize will be awarded for any one subject. The photographs must be clear and sharp, but the smallest pictures, granted these conditions, are admissible, and as good a picture may be taken with a five-shilling "Brownie" as with an expensive whole-plate camera. A page of photographs with names and addresses of winners will be published every week. No coupons are needed.

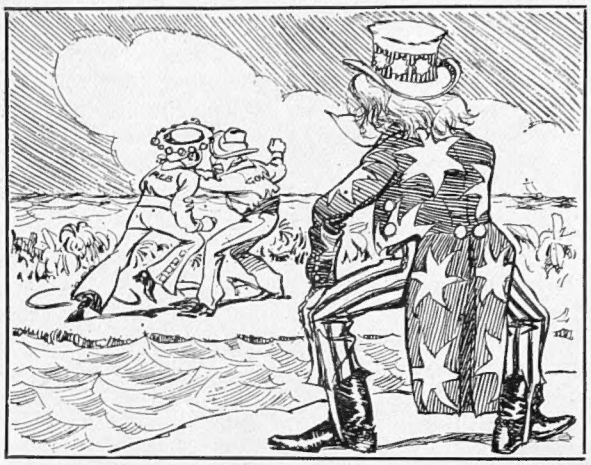
PRIZES.

For every photograph published we shall pay 10/6. In addition to this, a prize of £10 in cash will be awarded the competitor who, in the opinion of the Editor, has sent the best photograph during the next thirteen weeks. The senders of the Second and Third best photographs will receive £5 each, and, if the Competition proves as popular as we anticipate, further prizes will be awarded.

CONDITIONS.

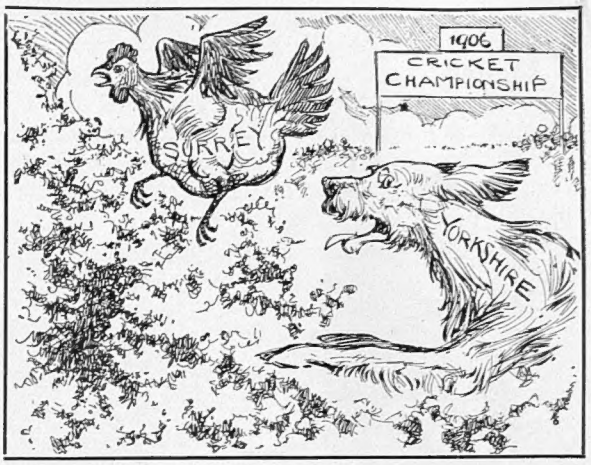
1. Only photographs taken by amateur photographers are admissible.
2. A written description must accompany every photograph, giving any details of the surroundings, etc., which will add to its interest.
3. Competitors should address envelopes to the Editor and mark them "Everywhere."
4. The Editor's decision is final.
5. No photographs will be returned unless a stamped envelope is enclosed, when every effort will be made to return them if rejected.

The Topictator



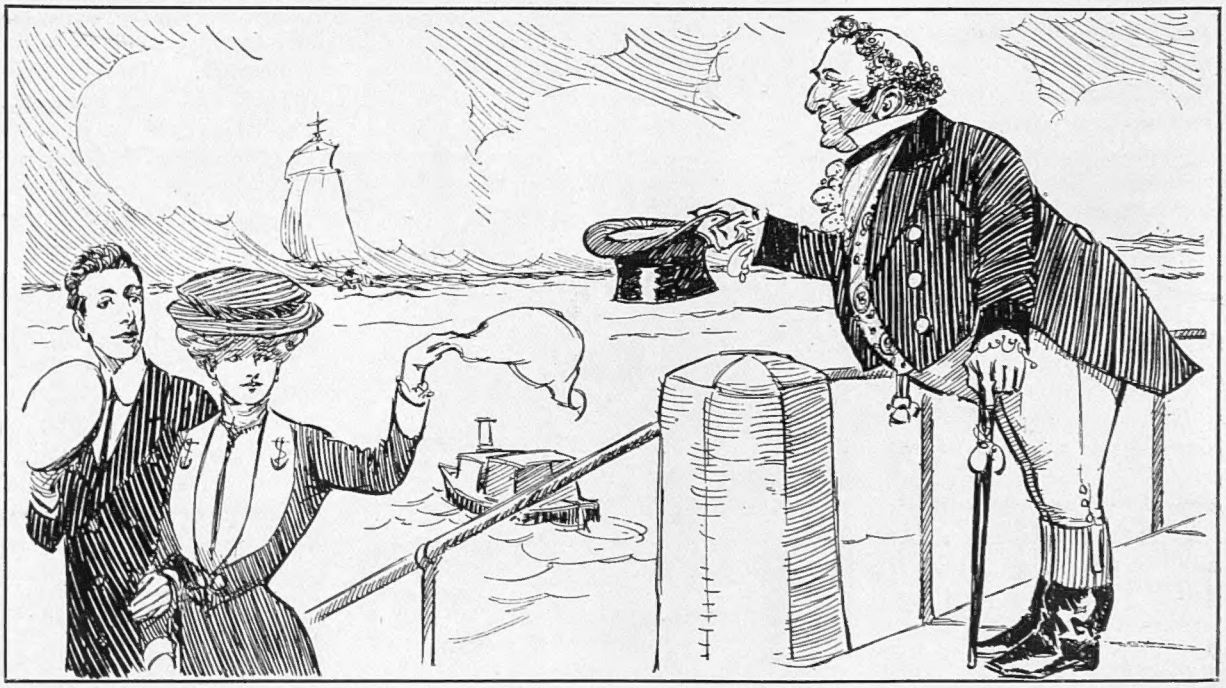
Cuba

UNCLE SAM: "Say, you boys, quit fightin' over that island ef you don't want it took away from you"



Out Of It

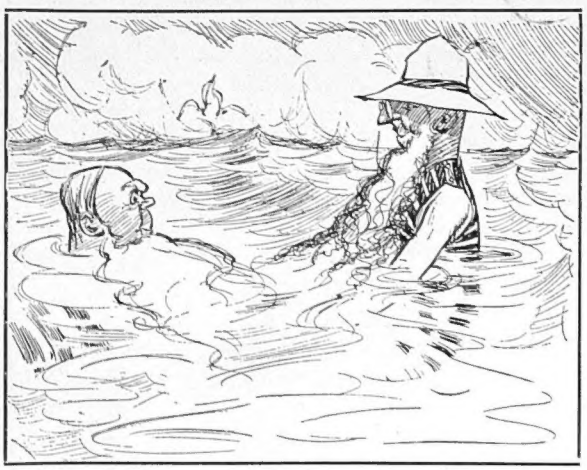
The Surrey fowl driven off the course by the Yorkshire tyke



Back to Spain

MR. BULL: "Good-bye, my dears, sorry to see you go. Come and see us again before long"

(We apologise for the libel on the features of a most gracious and kindly monarch and his consort, but our artist explains that his regrets at their departure from our shores caused him such poignant grief that tears blurred his vision!—EDITOR)



A Great Scheme

FIRST PROFESSOR: "Hullo! you here? Thought you wrote that article about danger of bathing owing to blue sharks?"

SECOND PROFESSOR: "Yes, and didn't *you* do a screed about the horrible effects of being stung by a porbeagle?"

F. P.: "Certainly—perhaps that's why we have the sea to ourselves"

S. P.: "No doubt"

A Golf Story

(A golfer recently, in attempting to loft over a house, landed his ball down the chimney. That is the story as reported. We have ventured to supply the remainder)

"My good woman, don't make such a fuss. Can't you see I'm badly bunkered in your confounded fireplace?"

"Aut Scissors, Aut Nullus"

The Dead Season

The dead season is a misnomer to-day. The description no longer applies. The world has been brought into such a compact space by scientific developments that there is no time for death as the term is frequently applied to matters mundane. The holiday mood in man is not shared by nature, and the process of evolution has no private arrangement with the calendar.—DAGONET in the *Referee.*

* * *

The Verb "To Bouch"

To advertise oneself with great industry but without discretion, to advertise oneself in such a way as to make people tired of one or sorry for one—what verb have we to describe compendiously this intricate and not uncommon form of activity? It is a great inconvenience that we have no such verb. It is a great convenience that we have in Mr. Arthur Bourchier one whose fatiguing industry and pitiable lack of discretion in self-advertisement are so signal as to supply our need henceforth. We shall get along very well with the verb "to bouch."—MAX BEERBOHM in the *Saturday Review.*

* * *

Our Daring Set

Our horsey people were always a sect apart, daring in every item of their attire, but supremely daring in their waistcoats and their ties; also, as a more personal detail, not infrequently in their whiskers. — *Vanity Fair.*

* * *

Misdirected Effort?

Men put as much riot and restlessness and labour and agony into the task of knowing a Duke as would under happier circumstances suffice to guillotine him.—G. K. CHESTERTON in the *Illustrated London News.*

At the Natural History Museum

Uncle George and Aunt Jane could not understand why the other visitors smiled

* * *

Woman's One Sport

An engagement is the much-coveted reward gained in open competition in the only sport which women are allowed to indulge in without being dubbed "unfeminine" and hoydenish—namely, the time-honoured pursuit of husband hunting.—Mrs. HUGH ADAMS in *London Opinion.*

* * *

The New Trade

The New Trade in England is of two descriptions; there are the shopkeepers without shops, and the shops without shopkeepers.

The shopkeepers without shops are in "Society." They are a species of peripatetic stores, for they sell estates in the country, houses in Town, art treasures, shares, horses, motor-cars, wines, cigars, titles, social position, their friends, their sons and daughters, and themselves, and they deal, besides, in life insurance and in other directions.

The shops without shopkeepers mostly belong to those who are endeavouring to get into "Society." These tradesmen drive to their business in a motor-car; the customers come to it on an omnibus! The former have a palace in Belgravia, a forest in Scotland, a yacht in the Solent, and a river in Norway; they talk of none but the titled, the shopkeepers without shops of nothing but trade.—*Truth.*

* * *

Is Everyone Else Wrong?

Practically all over Europe all men who aspire to be considered "gentle" observe rules which are still almost unknown in England. Take a few instances at random. They take off their hats when they enter a shop; they soften the most casual address to a woman by some such phrase as "Madame," "Signora," or "Gnädige Frau"; they bow when they enter a public dining-room, and when they are leaving it; they uncover when they pass a funeral. In many countries, men take off their hats to one another. In all they treat one another with more outward courtesy. He must be a very convinced Englishman who imagines that we alone are on the right tack.—HAROLD SPENDER in the *Daily Chronicle.*

* * *

If I Were John Bull

If I were John Bull, I would strongly disapprove of my sons smoking in my presence. Such indecency is unheard of in India. I would not consent to my daughter marrying a man, unless and until I had tested or got tested his moral fibre, made him insure his life, and made sure his life was accepted as first-class by the insurance company.—RAJA VARMA in *John Bull.*

* * *

Petticoat-shy

The Anglo-Saxon male is petticoat-shy! The ordinary foreigner is stimulated by the appearance of a woman; the ordinary Englishman or American is subdued! The foreigner looks at a pretty woman as he would at a flower, he admires her as he would it, and is grateful that both have been created to add beauty to the world. The ordinary Englishman looks at women surreptitiously, as if he were afraid of being discovered doing that!—"MARMADUKE" in *The Graphic.*

Current Events in Caricature

British Naval Disarmament

ENGLISH ADMIRAL: "You must take one piece of sugar less in your grog from to-day, to show the Powers that we are in earnest about disarmament." (From *Jugend*, Munich)

Helping the Young Idea

SHAH: "I was thinking of getting one of those things for *my* people"
TSAR: "My dear fellow, take *this* one, (*aside*) I'm getting another sort, that only goes backwards." (By special permission of the proprietors of *Punch*)

The Fires of Revolution

NICHOLAS: "Curiously enough, the more I try to blow it out the fiercer it burns!" (From *Simplicissimus*, Munich)

The Pope's Encyclical

CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL: "You need have no fear of shooting, your Holiness. It will make a loud noise, but after all it is only a pop-gun.' (From *L'Asino*, Rome)

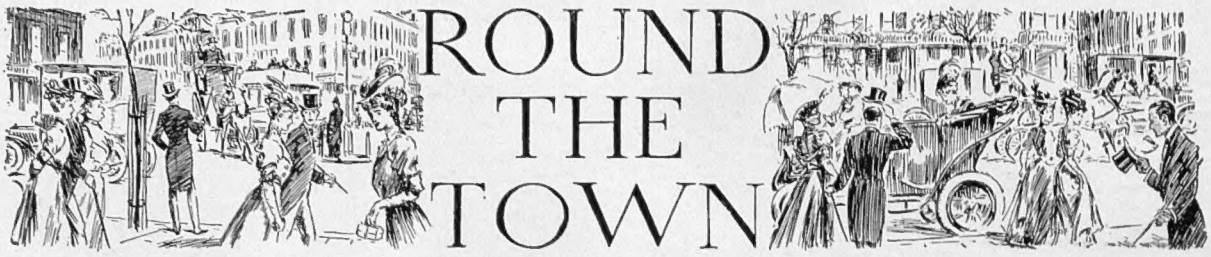
Well Meant, Perhaps!

The Englishman as we used to see him — As he really is

(From *Le Sourire*, Paris)

An Unwilling Bride

Arizona, hitherto an independent State, has recently been incorporated with New Mexico. (From *Life*, New York)



The Royal Holiday-Maker

Not one of the least of the charms of King Edward is his *bonhomie*. Undoubtedly, he is far and away the most popular monarch, and it is largely due to his being able to lay aside the cares of his high office, and become, as at present he is in Marienbad, a simple gentleman undergoing his "cure." I have received an amusing letter from a friend of mine which so fully brings out the King's unostentatious conduct (though he is terribly mobbed at the same time by the snobs), that I make no apology for quoting it :—

MARIENBAD, August 24.

This morning the door was unceremoniously thrown open as we sat at breakfast, and our cook, a pleasant young woman, carrying her market basket, literally danced into the room.

"I have just been talking to the KING OF ENGLAND!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

"Mariechen!" we remonstrated.

"Aber ja, gracious lady! Why then not? This is how it was: I was going along the alley, tip-tap, tip-tap—quickly, as you know I always come from market—and I came right on a bench where there was a gentleman seated between two others. In a flash I recognised him—the English King, just like his photographs. I had barely time to say good-morning and to wish him a good appetite and a pleasant outing—for, of course, I didn't stop—but he said, 'Danke!' and 'Guten Tag,' and touched his hat to me. He's a splendid man, and has better manners than most, I give you my word for it! He touched his hat to me!"

Somebody shuffled uneasily on his chair.

"Yes, but, Mariechen, it isn't customary, it isn't even allowed to accost a Sovereign," etc. and etc.

"*What!* Could I pass him by, such a grand gentleman, and not pay my compliment? Besides, he was pleased. I saw him smile. There are not many like him, I warrant, so polite! so gemüthlich, ach!"

We assented humbly.

She picked up the basket, deposited it in agitation on the carpet, and withdrew, unobservant of the white spot caused by the tilting of a little jar of Egerland cream. The housemaid came, in awed silence, to wipe it up. Evidently, Mariechen would be held irresponsible for the rest of the day.

As for us, we have as yet only seen the King's dog.

Two prominent visitors at Marienbad

Sir Squire Bancroft (in the centre) and Mr. A. W. Pinero (on the right) are staying at Marienbad, and were the King's guests at *déjeuner* one day last week

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

At Marienbad: The King with Major Ponsonby and Sir Stanley Clarke

The unwelcome attentions of admirers having subsided to a great extent, His Majesty is now enabled to "take his walks abroad" in peace

The Rising Royal Generation

By the way, both Mr. Pinero and Sir Squire Bancroft were the King's guests at *déjeuner* the other day, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has had frequent and long chats with His Majesty. Both have entertained the other, and I will warrant that, as far as possible, politics have been eschewed.

* * *

Two Majorities

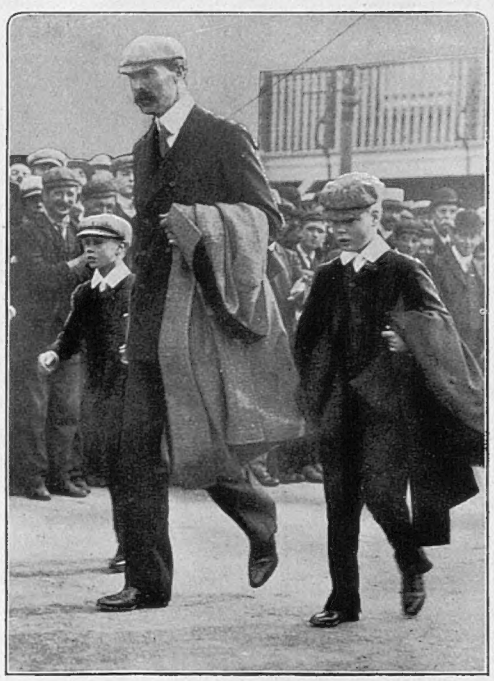
The coming-of-age of Lord Eliot, eldest son of Lord St. Germans, takes place only a few weeks before the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Lord and Lady St. Germans. At Port Eliot, the St. Germans' estate, the celebrations in honour of each event are to take place. Lady St. Germans, it will be remembered, is the sister of the first and last Lord Taunton, and Lord St. Germans' only sister became a widow a few months ago by the death of Lord Bessborough, one of the few clerical peers, to whose title Lord Duncannon recently succeeded.

Another coming-of-age celebration, which has taken place very quietly owing to the illness of Lady Annaly, the mother of the "birthday-child," is that of the Hon. Luke White, the only son of Lord and Lady Annaly. The rejoicings took place at Holdenby House, in Northamptonshire, the historic Stuart mansion, which Whyte Melville made famous by his "Queen's Maries," and which is, perhaps, one of the best examples of "restored" sixteenth-century manor-houses extant. Mr. White, whose regiment is quartered at the Curragh of Kildare, was granted special leave of absence for the week, and many valuable presentations were made him, both by the Holdenby tenantry and by his friends.

* * *

The Coming (Royal) Generation

The coming Harvard-Cambridge Boat Race, about which everyone has heard so much, has received Royal patronage, and so our American cousins' cup of satisfaction should now be full, for Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales came to watch their first day of practice on the Thames at Putney, before going North to be initiated into the joys of shooting. The crowds watching the practices at Putney have been enormous, and every American in or near London has made a point of being present.



Princes Edward and George go to see the crews practice

Great interest was excited by the visit of the young Princes to Putney last week to watch the practices for the Harvard and Cambridge Boat Race

Caught by the tide—at Putney

One party of enthusiasts, who sought rest in the fenced off enclosure near the London Rowing Club, did not notice the rising tide, swollen by a recent storm, and found themselves cut off from the "mainland"

* * *

The Decay of Preaching

The manner in which Father Bernard Vaughan's sermons on the Sins of the Smart Set have been analysed and pulled to pieces by the Press is really rather absurd. Criticism may be easily made of any sermon that was ever yet delivered, if one wants to criticise. Indeed, has not even the Sermon on the Mount often been attacked by knowing wiseacres? In my humble opinion, the only way to regard a series of addresses from the pulpit is to inquire whether they have done any good. If they have—if even one black sheep is made to see the error of his or her ways—Father Vaughan will consider he has not preached in vain. And if, incidentally, his sermons, which have undoubtedly attracted attention far and wide, open the eyes of the clergy of all denominations to the fact that preaching can to-day command a powerful influence, if only the preachers will revise their effete methods of abusing this sacred privilege, the brilliant Jesuit father will have done a great service to mankind. For, do my readers realise how utterly any direct appeal to the heart, to the imagination, and to the intellect of the nation has died out since the decay of the pulpit? Everyone has heard how Knox could swerve the populace in icy Edinburgh to his will by his preaching, and how Savanarola could inflame the Florentines to a frenzy by his denunciations. But what have we to-day to offer in place of the clerical agitators of past decades? Cold type! Yes, the Press is powerful enough, as I should be the last to deny, but a leading article cannot carry away its

Why Preachers Fail

readers as a speaker enthusiastic about his cause can do, even if the Press believed what it said, which is rarely the case. Moreover, granting that a preacher has a personality, a voice, something worth saying and knows how to say it, the influence he can wield and the good he can do are incalculable.

* * *

Father Vaughan's Magnetism

Father Vaughan has all these advantages, and an additional one more important, perhaps, than any of the others—a personal magnetism which carries his audience away with him. He says what he has to say well; in other words, he knows all the tricks of oratory, when to raise the voice, when to pause, when almost to sink his voice to a whisper. Sometimes he will almost hiss out his words, and then again he will drop oratory and just talk suavely as though you, the unit member of the congregation, were having a pleasant *tête-à-tête* with him. Nor does the reverend Father exercise his gifts without choosing good material to work on. He preaches, and he has something to say worth hearing. He is a man of the world, for knowing most men and most things his angles were long ago rounded. Of how many of our clergy could the same thing be said? The art of preaching has been for too long entirely neglected in this country. And not only is this the case, but the worshipper is expected to compose himself while the pulpit is occupied in most instances by a bore, who not only cannot preach, but has nothing to say worth hearing. A long-winded exposition of some text in the Bible is not what one wants, but a practical application of a text adapted to modern exigencies of life. There the clergy fail lamentably. How are they to give worldly advice to their sheep when they themselves are mere babes and sucklings in so far as knowledge of the world is concerned? How are they, the blind, to lead the blind? Every Jesuit is, of necessity, a man of the world. He is a cosmopolitan intellectual, for he knows all men but no nation—and he knows men well. So, whether people approve or disapprove of the rigid principles of the members of the Society of Jesus, it cannot be gainsaid that, as critics of Society in all its aspects, or as advisers to those whose life is of the world, they know better than most men what they are talking about. They know where the weak spots are, and they are not afraid to point them out.

Photo *Lafayette, London*

Lord Eliot

Who comes of age shortly

The Spanish Sovereigns' Adieux

King Alfonso and his bride sailed away from these shores yesterday week with evident reluctance, and it is rumoured that, so delighted is the King with British homes and British customs—Scotsmen, please note the word British—that he proposes to set up house for himself, and will possibly buy Norris Castle, that magnificent pile in the Isle of Wight that has so long gone begging for an owner. Almost the last person to bid adieu to their Majesties was the ex-Empress Eugénie, who enfolded her god-daughter affectionately in her arms just before their yacht sailed. Alfonso presented many souvenirs to those who had ministered to his comfort here, including an autographed portrait of himself to Lord Granard, his lord-in-waiting.

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Lord Granard

It will be remembered that on the occasion of King Alfonso's visit in the Spring, King Edward telegraphed special instructions that Lord Granard, a Catholic, and one of his own new lords-in-waiting, should attend the King of Spain, and so satisfactorily were Lord Granard's duties on that occasion carried out, that it was an understood thing on any subsequent visits his services would again be requisitioned. Lord Granard, though of Scotch descent, is by birth and title Irish, for he is the owner of the greater part of County Longford, where his seat, Castle Forbes, is situated. He is one of the few Irish peers who are Catholics, and is closely related to Lord Petre's family, his mother being a sister of the present holder of the title. I suppose there is no family in the nobility, not even excepting the Norfolks, who have supplied the Church of Rome with more priests and nuns than the Petres, and, of course, Lord Granard's religion and connections, apart from his charm of manner, were considered by our tactful King when he appointed him as lord-in-waiting to his most Catholic Majesty. Lord Granard is a bachelor, and will celebrate his thirty-second birthday shortly.

Photo *Dickinsons*

Lord Granard

Was in attendance on King Alfonso during his recent visit

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The King of Spain's Hostesses

Those of our cousins in America who follow carefully English social events (and they all do) must, I am sure, have nearly burst with pride and satisfaction when they read that at the two houses visited by the King and Queen of Spain in Scotland they were received in each case by American

King Alfonso's American Hostesses

hostesses. Lady Leith of Fyvie was, of course, a Miss January of St. Louis, while Lady Willoughby de Eresby, who assisted her mother-in-law, Lady Ancaster, in doing the honours of Drummond Castle to their Royal visitors, was, until last year, Miss Eloise Breese, the step-daughter of Mr. Harry V. Higgins, of Covent Garden Opera Syndicate fame. Lord Willoughby de Eresby, who has this season created quite a precedent by letting (for the first time for thirty years) Glenartney Lodge and deer forest to Captain Higson, was becoming the despair of match-making parents, when his engagement to young America, in the shape of pretty Miss Eloise Breese, was announced, for he was nearly forty, and that shameless jade, Rumour, had already linked his name with more than one fair maid.

Photo *Lafayette, London*

Lady Willoughby de Eresby

Who assisted to entertain the King and Queen of Spain at Drummond Castle, the seat of her father-in-law, Lord Ancaster. Like their Majesties' previous hostess, Lady Leith of Fyvie, she is an American

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The Owner of Drummond Castle

Lord Willoughby de Eresby's father, Lord Ancaster, besides being Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England, is also the President of the Four-in-Hand Club, and his blacks are invariably very much admired of all beholders when, on a coach peopled by the numerous members of his family, he tools them round the Park in very fine style.

Drummond Castle itself, the seat of the Earls of Ancaster, is celebrated for its lovely terraced gardens and for its park, with its beech and lime avenues. Royalty, from Queen Mary of Scotland downwards, has ever favoured the place, even the home-loving Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort having stayed there for some days some sixty or seventy years ago.

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Some Shooting House-Parties

Shooting house-parties are generally characterised by a tone of high morality which would cheer the heart of Father Vaughan and other Society denouncers, and provide no "copy" at all to the authors of "Visits" and the like. This unusual virtue, however, is, as is generally the case, more a matter of necessity than of inclination. After all, it takes two to dislocate the proprieties, and at shooting house-parties

Photo *Duthie*

Drummond Castle

The historic home of the Earl of Ancaster, where the King and Queen of Spain stayed after their departure from Fyvie Castle. It is celebrated for its lovely terraced gardens, and for its park with beech and lime avenues. It has been favoured with Royal visitors from the days of Mary Stuart, and was honoured by a visit from Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort

Country and Continental House-Parties

there is only one, and that a woman. Simple man requires only one sensation at a time, and that the birds provide. The rest of the time is well filled by sleeping and eating. Complex woman, therefore, whether she likes it or not, has to be dull and goodly when the party is gathered together in the sacred name of grouse, and to content herself with the joys of Creation, minus its lords.

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Some Big Bags

All this, however, apropos of nothing, for if all women are bored at shooting parties, then must there be many a bored soul in Britain this night, such gatherings being the order of the day. Two of the greatest English parties last week, at which some of the biggest bags were taken, were those of Sir Thomas and Lady Kathleen Pilkington at Chevet Park, and of Lord Bolton at Wensleydale. Sir Thomas Pilkington, owns in Chevet Park, one of the finest places in Yorkshire. His wife, whom, as Lady Kathleen Cuffe, daughter of the late Lord Desart, he married some ten or eleven years ago, is herself a very fine sportswoman, a good shot and a keen rider to hounds. Their guests last week included Lord Darnley, still known to fervent cricketers as Ivo Bligh, Mr. Charles Brook, Mr. Fullerton, of Noblethorpe, and Mr. Montague Stanhope. Lord Galway, whose wife's parties at Serlby Hall for the Doncaster week are, invariably, amongst the most successful of the meeting, came on from Lord Bolton's shooting party at Bolton Hall, Leyburn, which included amongst other good shots, the Marquis of Exeter, Colonel Cathcart, and Sir George Whichcote. Lord Bolton, who is married to a sister of the Earl of Scarborough, and who is descended in the female line from the old Dukes of Bolton, is also a very popular host in the North Riding of Yorkshire, between which and his beautiful seat near Basingstoke he spends most of his time.

For Continental house-parties

Fürstenstein, the Bavarian estate of Prince and Princess Henry of Pless, at which many sporting house-parties are being given this autumn. It is splendidly situated, and has endless resources for sport of all kinds

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An Anglo-Continental Party

For those who, when on visiting intent, do not mind going far afield for their pleasures, there are always parties from now until Christmas at Fürstenstein, the Bavarian estate of Prince and Princess Henry of Pless. The Duchess of Westminster seldom passes an autumn without paying her sister, the Princess, a visit, and their mother, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, generally makes one of the party. Both the Prince and Princess are intensely keen on sport in all its branches, the Prince's stable being renowned, while the Princess often drives behind four horses ridden by postillions. Their Castle, high among the mountains on the borders of Bavaria, is romantic even for a German castle. It is two hundred years old, and stands upon the end of a gorge above a rushing river. On the opposite side still stand the ruins of the old castle. All the servants are clad in peasant dress of the Pless claret

Pho.os

King Alfonso's bedroom at Fyvie Castle

Which he used on his recent visit to Lord and Lady Leith's beautiful Scottish home

Kate Pragnell

Queen Victoria's bedroom at Fyvie Castle

The picture of the Virgin and the crucifix are in eresting in connection with the Queen's recent conversion to Roman Catholicism

At the Dublin Horse Show

Photo *Baker and Muggeridge*

Show Week in Dublin: The luncheon interval

As Dublin Society does not, like that of London, entirely forsake its Capital in August, Horse Show Week, which opened yesterday (Tuesday) and continues until Thursday, is a brilliant and fashionable function. The visiting element helps to lend colour and quaintness to the assemblage

Dublin Horse Show: The Central Hall, where the hunters are boxed

The entries for this year's Show are more numerous than in any previous year, the total number of horses entered being 1,322. The Show is visited by hunting men from all parts of the world, intent on buying Irish horses

A Curate in Revolt

colour. The maids, when there is a house-party, with their white kerchiefs and their two long plaits of hair, form a very striking contrast to the Paris frocks and coiffures.

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An Irish House-Party

House-parties in Ireland, it must be confessed, are generally held in the interests of racing, that form of amusement being the most favoured of Irish people, but the very gay and very youthful party which Lord and Lady Dunleath have been entertaining at Ballywater Park, their seat in County Down, had cricket and not racing for its excuse. The Hon. Andrew Mulholland, their eldest son, came of age, with great Irish rejoicing, two or three years ago, but there are also three younger sons who are still schoolboys, and for their amusement no less than two cricket elevens were included in the house-party. Lord Dunleath's father was created a Baron in 1892, after having made an enormous fortune as head of a great Irish linen manufacturing firm, and his memory was immortalised by the present Baron by the gift of a very princely donation to the Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast. Lord Dunleath, himself, has had a varied career. After leaving Eton he went to Woolwich, and then to Oxford, where he graduated with honours at Balliol. He then served in the Royal Engineers, in the Royal Irish Rifles, and, finally, represented North Londonderry as Conservative Member for ten years. Both he and Lady Dunleath are very popular in Ireland, and their parties are always keenly awaited events.

Photo *Jepson*

The Hon. and Rev. T. R. Heneage

Late Curate of Spalding, and son of Lord Heneage, who has resigned his appointment owing to a dispute with his vicar. He has now left England for a trip round the world

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Defiant Curates

That things—and Curates—are seldom what they seem, is a Gilbertian edict which has the advantage of continually proving itself correct. Old-fashioned people, for instance, probably still labour under the delusion that a curate is a meek, couldn't-say-bo-to-a-goose young man, of crushed demeanour, and appealing countenance. But he is not by any means. The Hon. and Rev. T. R. Heneage, for example, has found that patience and forbearance, like Radium, have their limits. Provoked beyond endurance by what he calls the "abominable treatment" meted out to him by his late chief, Canon Bullock, the Vicar of Spalding, Mr. Heneage, after inditing a most daringly defiant letter to the parishioners and, incidentally, the Press, severed his connection with the parish, went home to say *au revoir*, and left England for a trip round the world. I wish I were in a position to particularise on the subject of the quarrel between the Canon and the curate, but, unfortunately, I am not, and, in any case, the only point of general interest lies in the revolt of the curate. The "retiring disposition," however, is not an uncommon trait of the Heneage family. Politically, Lord Heneage, the father of this defiant curate, has retired from many things. He left the Liberal Party because of the Home Rule Bill. He left the Unionist Party because of his conviction that Home Rule was dead; and, although in its babyhood, he was a fervent Tariff Reformer—even a Vice-President of the League—he left that because he considered it had been captured by the old Protectionist Party. Once a Life Guardsman, he was also a keen racing-man and the owner of racehorses. His withdrawal from that sphere, however, may probably be accounted for on the score of age.

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Americans in London

Of late, the manners of the English people have been shown in a very disagreeable light by the cheap jibes levelled at the dispositions made by American visitors to regulate their living expenses in London. It used to be considered very bad taste even to appear to notice the shifts to which all people

Photos *H. W. Barnett*

Lady Dunleath **Lord Dunleath**

WHO ARE NOW ENTERTAINING AT BALLYWATER PARK, CO. DOWN

The York Races

The scene in the County Stand

The York Racing Week began yesterday, the 28th, but the great event, the Great Ebor Handicap, is run to-day (Wednesday). Needless to say, a grand assemblage of county folk is to be seen in the enclosure, York being a great military, and, therefore, social centre of the North country

The Young Princes' Début on the Moors

Photo *Russell*

Abergeldie, the seat of Mr. Reginald Hugh Gordon

Where the Prince and Princess of Wales are staying for the shooting, and which will be the scene of the *début* on the moors of the Princes Edward and Albert, who will accompany their father there for the first time this year

of moderate means are put in the melancholy task of making both ends meet. Apparently, we have changed all that. The "frugal American," who stays at the best hotels, and takes his meals at a modest restaurant, is held up to contempt as though he were engineering a fraud upon the British public. The real fact of the matter is that the English people have long nursed the delusion that all Americans are rich. Certainly, the American who made an annual trip to England ten years ago was generally a member of the wealthy classes. He came over here and entertained his English friends on a lavish scale. There may have been too much display about his hospitality, but it sprung in the main from open-heartedness. We gradually came to regard all Americans in the light of hosts with a bottomless purse. When Americans of moderate means commenced to come over here, they laughingly explained that they were not all millionaires in their country. They put aside, even as Englishmen do for a holiday, a certain sum for the trip to England. It is not always easy to regulate expenses on a holiday trip, so it comes to pass that some Americans find that they have almost exhausted their draft by the time they have reached the last few weeks of their visit. It is necessary to economise, and, being sensible people, they enjoy the comfort of a first-class hotel and retrench their expenditure upon food. They can no longer figure as generous hosts, and so their disappointed English friends abuse the hospitality they have enjoyed by cheap sneers at their frugal way of living. Even if the motive for these sneers be not as low as I have put it, nothing can excuse the bad taste of those who give vent to them. That such a large number of Americans come to England is a compliment to us. Their manner of living is no concern of ours. THE BYSTANDER is glad to see them exploring London with their guide-books, and having what they intend to have over here, *i.e.*, a "good time." Hence this protest against the lack of manners displayed by a section of ignorant non-travelled English men and women who know nothing whatever of the history or romance of their own country. These scoffers at "frugal Americans" are, for the most part,

Photo *Valentine*

Armadale Castle, Skye

Lord Macdonald's seat, where its present tenants, Sir Walpole and Lady Greenwell, are now entertaining large parties. It is a Gothic and very modern building, and not that in which Boswell and Johnson stayed

American Sightseers Seeing Sights

TRANSATLANTIC TOURISTS AND THEIR FAVOURITE HAUNTS

Some snapshots of our peaceful invaders

(1) A quiet smoke and think on the brink of Trafalgar's limpid basins. (2) A comfortable rig for sightseeing, as worn by a visitor from the Wild West. (3) A happy trio : American ladies at the Abbey, after a glimpse at Tennyson's tomb. (4) A personally conducted group of Americans being taken through Palace Yard, after a visit to the Houses of Parliament. (5) At the National Gallery. (6) "Out with Mommer."

Two Notable Autumn Weddings

those arrant snobs who look upon economy which is not concealed as a social crime. They are of the class which would rather beggar itself than confess to being without means to support the position into which they have climbed.

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Scotch Castles

In Scotland, just now, it goes without saying that every big house has its full quota of guests. At Armadale Castle, Lord Macdonald's house, its present tenants, Sir Walpole and Lady Greenwell, are entertaining a large party of friends. Armadale, as it now stands, is a very Gothic and quite modern kind of Castle, but the Armadale Castle which Boswell describes in his "Life of Johnson" was a more ancient pile. Boswell and Johnson, it appears, were much dissatisfied with the hospitality they received, for the former, in recounting it, says: "Instead of finding the Lord of the Macdonalds surrounded by his clan and a festive entertainment, we found a small company, and cannot boast of our cheer."

Photo *Lafayette, Dublin*

Captain Coates

A.D.C. to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who is engaged to Lady Celia Crewe-Milnes, daughter of the Earl of Crewe

By the way, talking of Scotch houses, Abergeldie, where the Prince and Princess of Wales are spending the autumn, is this year to be the scene of the shooting *début* of the two elder of the York Princes, Prince Edward and Prince Albert. They are to go out with their father on his sporting expeditions, though unprovided with guns themselves. This is the first year this treat has been vouchsafed to them, though, in the hands of the faithful gillies, they have, of course, often joined the deer-stalking parties which take place later in the year.

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Captains All

Though the wedding of Lady Celia Crewe-Milnes to Captain Clive Coates, A.D.C. to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, will have about it little of the almost Royal publicity, her father's marriage to the then Lady Peggy Primrose some years ago called forth, it will at any rate be a big autumn event. Lady Celia, although she has lived almost entirely in a world of sport and politics, has also, like her father, who is suspected of the verse-making habit, found time to kneel at the feet of Art, and her picture at the summer exhibition at the New Gallery this year came in for some not unfavourable criticism. Lady Celia is a great-grand-daughter of Georgiana Brinsley Sheridan, Duchess of Somerset and Queen of Beauty at the famous Eglinton Tournament, and her own mother was also a very beautiful woman.

Another autumn wedding—what a lot of them there will be!—is that of Captain Adrian Grant-Duff, of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, and the Hon. Ursula Lubbock, daughter of Lord Avebury, of Bank Holiday and other fame. It is difficult, indeed, to know for what Lord Avebury is *not* famed. He is proudest, I believe, of his prowess in knowledge of the social life of bees and ants; but he is also banker, philosopher, politician, writer, and philanthropist, and I hesitate to decide in which of these many accomplishments his chief fame lies.

BYSTANDER.

Photo *Lafayette, Dublin*

Lady Celia Crewe-Milnes

The youngest daughter of the Earl of Crewe, who is engaged to Captain Clive Coates

Photo *Thomson*

The Hon. Ursula Lubbock

The daughter of Lord Avebury, who will be married in the autumn to Captain Adrian Grant-Duff

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

The Delarue Mystery

The Abbé Delarue's mysterious disappearance has led to curious developments; and, but for the rivalry between two of our leading morning papers, the affair would have long ceased to agitate the minds of the public. But the moment one journal upheld the theory that the priest was in a secluded spot with a young lady, its opponent immediately assumed that the missing gentleman had been murdered, and engaged the services of a Mr. Devah, a wonderful Hindoo, from whom nothing is hidden. I have not the pleasure of Mr. Devah's acquaintance, but I know that he belongs to the society that busies itself with the occult sciences, and of which Papus is the head. In whatever way the Delarue mystery may be cleared up, it is certain that to Mr. Devah it will prove a lucky windfall. He is being largely advertised, and, ere long, we will be certain to see him start an inquiry office, conducted on spiritualistic lines, where old ladies will flock and make anxious inquiries after their strayed or stolen pets. Another unexpected result of the Delarue affair is that it seriously interferes with the movements of many of our priests. This is the holiday season, and those who can afford it usually seek repose in the country or at the seaside. As a rule, they take a niece with them; and, as a rule, too, these nieces are young and pretty. Now, however, not one of these gentlemen dares to show himself in public with a lady, even if she be his sister. He would at once be mobbed, and at once taken for the missing Delarue. And this is why, at the present moment, the ecclesiastical gentlemen are never with one lady alone. It wants at least two to divert suspicion.

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Consolable Widows and Widowers

A few months ago, a London review brought out an article on matrimony in various countries, wherein the writer informed us that Frenchmen, having once tasted the blessings of married life, were not anxious to renew them. I do not remember on what facts this statement was based, but the figures just published in reference to Paris widowers and divorced men

The Close of the Continental Mixed Bathing Season: A group of French exponents of the cult

A little group of belated bathers at Salles D'Olonne, on the West Coast of France. The bathing season on the Continent is over much sooner than in Britain, where, in September, the pastime is almost as popular as in August. At the end of this month, Dieppe and Trouville, Ostend, Blankenberghe, Scheveningen, and even the Italian watering-places, become deserted, though the water be hotter than at any time previously in the season

rather prove the contrary. Of 2,270 unconsolable widowers, 628 married again three months after their wives' death, 148 at the end of the year, and the remainder within two years. Out of 1907 widows, 1904 married again after the nine months prescribed by the law. Only three remained unconsolable. In the camp of the divorced men, the same eagerness is shown to secure fresh partners. Of 669 divorced men 109 announced their engagement the day after the decree was pronounced; 41 preferred to remain single; and the others, having hesitated a year or so, mustered up courage and took another companion. Divorced Parisiennes appear less anxious, for of 717 ladies who rid themselves of their husbands we find, after a lapse of nine years, only 79 decline to renew the experiment. The rest are again *en puissance de mari*, as the law calls it here. I may add that these figures are gleaned from among the middle classes. In the higher strata of Paris Society the desire to marry again is less pronounced.

Photo *Park*

On the "planches" at Trouville

Where the Paris *monde* "*s'ennuie*" at the moment. The season, however, has not been as gay as usual owing to the rain, which has spoilt bathing, and promenading, and everything save mud-motoring and nocturnal Casino-going

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From Church to Museum

Saint-Pierre de Montmartre, once the oldest church in Paris, having undergone thorough repairs, will soon re-open its doors, but not as a place of worship. It has been transformed into a museum. During the Revolution, Saint-Pierre de Montmartre—like Notre Dame—had become a temple of the Goddess of Reason; and the high priestess there, a very fascinating young lady, had many adorers outside the temple, in whose company she could be seen nightly at the Moulin de la Galette. The consequence of this adoration was that she had a son, who, towards the end of the First Empire, enlisted as a soldier, fought like a lion at Waterloo, and, after the war, married and became a peaceable citizen. He had many children, one of whom is still alive. She is a little old lady, living in the Rue du Mont-Cenis, very well known and highly respected in the quarter. Almost needless to say, whilst she is very proud of her gallant father, she does not refer to her gay and flighty grandmother. And she, the grandchild of the Goddess of Reason in Montmartre, is a most devout person, and morning and night attends mass at the Basilique of the Sacré-Cœur.

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The Uncomfortable Seaside

The genial seaside life has gone, gone for ever. Nobody is satisfied to spend hours looking dreamily across the sea, to lie with hands behind the head in the yellow sand, lazily heedless of aught but the dinner hour. The spirit of movement has disturbed the holiday, the demon unrest has settled upon us, and we motor, motor, motor to the devil. And we must motor, or we are impregnated by the motorist's dust, by the *milliards* of microbes he raises as he passes, by the sense of isolation we experience if we desist. We have selected a fashionable watering-place as the ideal spot for a holiday—I shudder as I write about it—and we must be fashionable or lose the month's rent we have paid in advance for the questionable comforts of a French seaside home. To be quiet one must choose a quiet place; having chosen a merry one, let us be merry.

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Where Bathing Is No More

The fashionable seaside place has no bathers; there is no time to waste undressing and dressing to the pleasure of the tide. Big people, I mean social big people, take their morning tub scented with the latest quackery for restoring animation, in the privacy of their rooms. Little people do not come to the seaside in the expensive month of August. Society sleeps during the hours that were once devoted to bathing, chatting, working beneath the scarlet tents that lined the sands. In hats closely veiled with muslin, like miniature mosquito nets, enveloped in blanket-serge coats, opening tantalisingly over dainty white linen; with the smartest of white shoes on the finest of silk hose, they appear on the parade for a moment, and vanish the next in a cloud of dust. The fiend Mercédès, Fiat, or Brasier, holds them like the Erlkönig, and too often drives them to death. The accident on the Trouville Road has cast a shadow on motorists, but shadows wane with the morning, and motorists forget. And, again, they whirl through the narrow Villers town, luncheon at the Margaret, spend an hour before the delights of the Trouville shops, eat cakes in the Rue de Paris, and are home again before dark—home to the exigencies of a quick change, to the restorative tub, to the long dinner, to baccarat at eleven, and to bed. Seaside life, forsooth!

Rancoatleyzer

Smiles on the Way to Work

PRINCIPALS ARRIVING AT THE GAIETY TO REHEARSE "ALADDIN"

Miss Kitty Mason

Who trips through the stage-door with that air of enjoyment so characteristic of her work on the stage

Miss Connie Ediss

Who literally thrives on work. During the vacation she has been appearing at the Pavilion

Photos

Mr. Harry Grattan and his wife (Miss Ethel Walker)

Are quite serious compared with the rest of their fellow-artists depicted on this page. Perhaps they do not look forward with sufficient confidence to a "word perfect" call

Illustrations Bureau

Mr. George Grossmith

Has a chat with the stage manager, and wears one of his most "cheery" expressions

The PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

Empire Theatre

Some houses of entertainment rise to the dignity of an institution. The Empire is one of them. It is one of the foundation-stones of the edifice, London life. It is more. The Empire is the rallying ground of the bronzed, capable-looking men, who come from parts of Britain beyond the seas. The Empire figures as a subject of yearning comment in adobe huts in Mexico, by camp fires in the North-West Province, on the verandahs of bungalows in the "gardens" of Ceylon. When miners, sheep farmers, tea planters, and men of that ilk come to town, that oft-propounded difficulty, "Where shall we go to-night?" is solved in the simplest manner. "Let's go to the Empire," they say, and there is rarely a dissentient voice. These men are gradually recovering from the shock of the renovated Empire. Soon its smart new decorations will wear a familiar look. The traveller makes for the Empire, assured that he will run across the old friends he has missed in other haunts. Americans, too, have taken up the Empire. You can see them trooping in, dressed in sack-backed tuxedos (*Anglicé* dinner-jackets) and straw hats. At this season of the year, you can hear them "guessing" up and down the promenade.

Watteau Indeed!

On an evening last week, the artist-man and I took care to be in time for the Watteau *divertissement* in one act. It is a dainty piece of work, a succession of graceful dances and pretty stage pictures, set to music which all can hum, but few can place. "Chaminade" suggests someone, and it doesn't really matter how far from the

mark he may be. The Watteau trifle was over all too soon. It recalled the yokel's appreciation upon first tasting benedictine, "I should like that there in a moog." A quartette of ladies from Australia appeared next. They looked very cool in their white dresses, set off with scarlet blossoms. They sang, too, without any trouble. That is to say, they opened their mouths and the tones just floated out. On a close evening nothing is more annoying than to see a singer coercing diaphragm or epiglottis. My nightmare in the entertainment line is a fat singer with a faulty method in a badly ventilated hall. This cool quartette sang about the shuggy shoo. This is phonetic spelling for what I have since learned is nursery talk for a swing.

A Killing Tramp

Then came comedy cyclists. One was a tramp. We laughed so uproariously at this idiot that I wonder Mr. Hitchins did not "boucher" us

"Fête Galante"

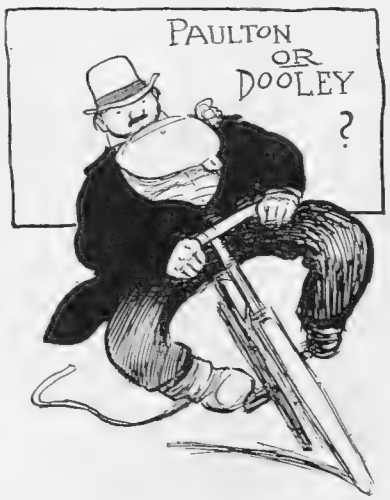
out of the theatre, with the request that we should not darken his doors again. A man next to me never smiled at this turn. I saw him in the bar shortly afterwards. He looked like a man trying to drown sorrow. It may be weakness of intellect, but the first appearance of a tramp on the stage makes me gurgle; when he sheds dirty collars I cry bitterly with exhilaration, and when he strikes matches on his beard I feel that life has no more supreme joy to offer me.

"Coppelia"

The ballet, *Coppelia*, is as lively as ever. It has a very welcome note of comedy. Ballets are inclined to take themselves too seriously; to pose as representations of life—although Max Beerbohm has expressly stated that, for him at any rate, they are nothing of the kind. Miss E. Clerc and Mr. Paul Sundberg supply the note of comedy by their amusing Slovak dance. These two dancers are of great service, too, in the Czardas, the Hungarian national dance. Indeed, *Coppelia* owes its success chiefly to the racial dances, the meaning of which is easily grasped. It is when an attempt is made to express, in terms of the dance, the passions, such as anger, jealousy, love, that ballet so often crosses the border-line of tedium.

Mr. Fred Farren, in a make-up which recalled now Gaspard, again Shylock, must be commended for the lightness of his touch in acting, no less than for the grace of his dancing.

The native musicians of Galicia set a good example to those honest performers who occupy the back rows of large productions. They played their sham instruments with the most praiseworthy zeal. The fiddler, especially on the O.P. side of the group, performed in a manner



which would have reflected credit on a first violin. Not a bar of his imaginary score did he miss. The artist-man drew my attention to the sterling worth of the village orchestra. We spoke of them warmly and murmured sympathetically when they demanded money with menaces from old Gaspard-Shylock for their painstaking performance.

Mlle. A. Peters stepped bravely into the breach left by the absent Mlle. Genée. Her dancing was very finished. In the comedy passages, which call for a kind of impish charm, she was not so successful.

Comedy Theatre

"RAFFLES"

On an evening last week, I found Mr. Vernon Steele playing Raffles in the absence of Mr. Gerald du Maurier. Mr. Steele should make his mark directly opportunity comes his way. His Raffles was a most acceptable performance. This actor is well equipped. He has an engaging presence and the easy manner so necessary for the playing of light comedy rôles as they are written nowadays. The play has held its own with ease during the hot weather. It is of the exciting *genus* which admits of pauses in the performance. Someone tip-toes across the stage, and the situation is intensified by the pause. For all that, the company might with advantage take the *tempo* of the piece a little quicker. The weak opening act should be rattled through *prestissimo*. It does not possess the dramatic qualities which alone excuse the policy of deliberation.

E. C. S.

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"Robinson C

(*See preceding*

The Simple Life Among the Uninhabited Islands of the Bah

In the preceding page the first instalment is given of the true account of the adventures which befel a little party of four worldlings among the uninhabited islands of the Bahamas. The scribe, fleeing from civilisation, meets the skipper, his wife, and sister-in-law bound on a fishing excursion. T "Robinson Crusoe, Ltd.," and actually live the the second act of *The Admirable Crichton*. Ou

Crusoe Ltd."

eding page)

Bahamas: J. M. Barrie's "Admirable Crichton" in real life

The party form themselves into a company, the ideal life depicted by Mr. J. M. Barrie in Our adventurers enjoy wonderful sport, their game being not merely sombre-coloured fish to eat, but big brilliant fish which put up a good fight before being caught. In the picture above the explorers are seen at breakfast. The account of this most elaborate pic-nic will be continued next week

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Dumped on an Uninhabited Isle

this island we therefore set sail, arriving within half a mile of the coast somewhat late in the afternoon. The water here was too shallow to permit of a nearer approach. Our belongings were landed in the boats, and dumped upon the shore. Then our ship left us in sole possession of little more than a scrub-covered, weather-beaten island of coral rock.

There was so much work to be done, and so little daylight left in which to do it, that the skipper and I, by a common instinct, made ourselves comfortable on the tent bags, lit our pipes, and proceeded to review the situation in all its bearings. Some people, when confronted with work, charge it head down. It is far better to commence by taking thought how energy can be husbanded. We watched the girls feverishly working without a plan. In ten minutes they had brought about a tangle in the disposition of our effects that would take at least the same space of time to straighten. Then we climbed down and assumed the direction of affairs. The skipper pointed, in turn, at his wife and sister-in-law. "Cook and kitchen-maid," said he. He looked severely at me. "Scribe, but don't let me catch you taking notes when there is manual work to be done." We selected a fair camping ground—a small peninsula, to insure freedom from flies.

Netta announced her intention of graining crayfish for supper. "I think you had better take the scribe with you," said the skipper. "He appears to think that getting in the way is of service in the job of pitching tents."

I dropped the mallet with alacrity and followed the kitchen-maid. Armed with grains (a long pole tipped with a prong) we started out wandering over the sand-flats and among the coral. We had to keep a sharp look out before placing the foot upon any suspicious looking object. The long, sucker-covered arms of octopi would lay scattered innocently around a rock looking so pretty as to offer every inducement to press one with the foot in order to ascertain if it had life. I prodded into one with the grain, and several long supple feelers quickly crept up the shaft, until it was quite difficult to withdraw; indeed, there is little doubt that a very moderate-sized octopus could hold a man, who, without a knife, would be helpless. We saw many varieties of beautiful, richly coloured, long-spined sea urchins scattered broadcast everywhere. "Should you tread upon one," said the kitchen-maid, "four or five darts will run deep into your flesh and break off. In a fortnight's time you will have the pleasure of removing them from a festering sore."

"It is much jollier learning from you than being taught by experience," I said devoutly. "I can see myself enjoying this expedition. It is so much more fun being with you and your party than pottering about alone."

"It is time we returned with our four crayfish," said the kitchen-maid.

We ate the crayfish in our fingers as soon as they were boiled, and particularly nasty they were, as in the flickering light of the flames we put into our mouths many portions not usually eaten.

"More work than play to-morrow," said the skipper as we sat over the camp-fire smoking a final pipe before turning in.

I had arranged a fishing excursion with the "kitchen-maid," but I thought mention of the matter might lead to argument.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Camping in the Bahamas: A "bedroom" in apple-pie order

"*ROBINSON CRUSOE LTD.*"

Fishing for Supper

THE "KITCHEN-MAID" OUT GRAINING FOR CRAYFISH

The foregoing article gives an account of the adventures of four worldlings among the uninhabited islands of the Bahamas. The fair fisher seen above recalls, by her costume and occupation, the characters in Mr. J. M. Barrie's *Admirable Crichton*

When the Heart is (very) Young

LAWN TENNIS PHRASE (ILLUSTRATED) II.:

"FIFTEEN ALL"

DRAWN BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

Worldly Short Story No. 38

MRS. MOSTYN'S LITTLE GAMBLE

By CHAS. R. STEGGALL

TO WORLDLY READERS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally remunerated. Only good stories are wanted!

"NOW, three to one, bar one; three to one, bar one; I'll back the field, I'll back the field! Any price outsiders!"

The hoarse shouts of the bookmakers were spoiling one of the fairest scenes on the South coast. To the right lay the sea, dotted with the sails of small pleasure craft. To the left, and also facing one, as far as the eye could reach, a glorious panorama of rolling Downs. It was the first day of the Brighton races, and an enormous crowd had gathered in the stands and along the course. About one-third of the said crowd had come in search of what they imagined to be pleasure, and the other two-thirds in the hope of, by some means or other, getting the better of the minority.

"Oh, what a perfectly lovely horse, and what charming colours the jockey is wearing. I do hope they will win!"

Little Mrs. Mostyn was very charming herself, with her pretty dark eyes sparkling and her fair young face somewhat more flushed than usual. It was her first visit to a race meeting, and the animation of the scene was new and exciting. The canker and greed which lay beneath the outward appearance of gaiety were as yet unknown to her.

"You should have the courage of your opinions and back them, Mrs. Mostyn. Let me lay you a box of gloves against the favourite," said the man by her side.

They were seated in a corner of the grand stand, and by some mysterious means had become separated from the others of their party. Her companion had been careful to explain to Mrs. Mostyn that it was owing to the crowd.

"Oh, I never made a bet in my life," she exclaimed, with the pretty little laugh which was one of her many charms.

"Then it's quite time that you should begin. Everyone bets at the races, don't you know."

"Well, if it's the proper thing to do, I suppose I must," she replied demurely.

"That's all right, then. If the favourite wins, I shall owe you a box of gloves. See, they are just going to start."

The white flag fell, far up the course; the bell rang, and amid stentorian shouts of "They're off!" a field of a dozen splendid animals, made by men's perversity the innocent means of bringing ruin to countless homes all over the kingdom, came tearing up the steep slope which has upset so many calculations on Brighton racecourse.

"The favourite wins!"

Mrs. Mostyn rose from her seat, and in her excitement innocently laid her daintily gloved little hand on her companion's arm. For the moment she did not even notice that he immediately took possession of it with his own disengaged fingers.

The thunder of hoofs on the turf; a flash of mingled colours as the horses and their riders fly past the stand, and absolutely unconscious of what she is doing, she convulsively squeezes his hand.

To her, the daughter of a country clergyman, and the bride of hardly a year of a steady-going junior in the Circumlocution Department at Whitehall, the scene was one of bewildering excitement. Hitherto, she had found in the glories of a village fancy-fair when in the country, and a visit to the Crystal Palace or a ballad concert when in Town, her ideal of pleasurable dissipation.

"Your horse has won, Mrs. Mostyn, and I owe you a box of gloves," said the man at her side, as the numbers went up, and the panting steeds and their riders were returning to the paddock.

Mr. Joseph Hawley was something in the City, and usually regarded among his acquaintances in the West End as a successful promoter of public companies. He had been introduced a few days previously to Mrs. Mostyn, who was making a short stay at Brighton with some of her husband's relations.

"Oh, how lovely it is! How I wish poor Jack was here to enjoy it, instead of having to stay in London at that horrid office!" she said; and then, for the first time, noticing that her hand lay clasped in that of her companion, she quickly drew it way, and the colour again bedecked her fair face.

Hawley drew up his irreproachably clad figure, and a slight frown puckered his brow. "Jack" was his companion's absent husband, and the City man's self-esteem as a lady-killer was hurt.

He quickly altered his demeanour, however, to one of urbanity.

"Your husband is to be envied," he said, in a low tone; "what would not a lonely man like myself give to have such interest taken in him!"

Mrs. Mostyn laughed merrily.

Another "Worldly Story" next week

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"You do not appear very lonely, as a rule," she exclaimed, thinking of her companion's apparently numerous circle of friends.

"A man may be very lonely at heart, sometimes, without appearing to be so," he replied in the same low voice, and with an inflection meant to be tender.

The gallantry was lost upon Mrs. Mostyn, however, whose only reply was another merry little laugh. She was evidently taking more interest in the gay scene around her than in the man by her side. Had she caught one of the covert glances of something more than mere admiration which he occasionally bestowed upon the rounded curves of her graceful figure, even so inexperienced a little woman as herself would have been put on her guard.

"See," she exclaimed, "the horses are coming out for the next race. Isn't that one a beauty?" she continued, indicating an animal just leaving the gate of the paddock. "Oh, it has the same colours as the last one I chose. I wonder if it will win!"

"They are laying ten to one against it, Mrs. Mostyn. Have the courage of your opinions again, and let me put a 'tenner' on it for you."

"What, make a bet in money! Oh, I couldn't think of it; I never did such a thing in my life. Besides, I haven't got ten pounds with me. I'm very poor, you know, Mr. Hawley," she replied, with a smile.

"That doesn't matter in the least; permit me to help you to win a hundred pounds. Everyone risks a trifle now and then, you know."

A hundred pounds! What a lot of nice presents she could buy for Jack and for the old people at the Vicarage, to say nothing of that sweet little frock she had taken such a fancy to at Madame Elise's the other day!

She was a good little woman, as unselfish as she was pretty, and the thought of Jack and her parents came first.

"I don't think I ought to; it seems so—so fast, you know, for a woman to bet," she murmured, doubtfully.

"I'm afraid a good many of your lady friends must be considered fast, then," replied Hawley. "See," he continued, pointing to the distant members of their party; "they are all evidently trying to 'spot the winner.' Don't let me influence you in your choice, though, Mrs. Mostyn. Pick out whichever gee-gee you prefer."

"Oh, if I *must* bet, it will be on that which I chose first," she replied, still in a doubtful tone, however.

"Very well, then, I will go and make your little investment, if you will excuse me for a moment."

Mr. Joseph Hawley disappeared for a short time, returning with some champagne from the buffet, which he insisted on Mrs. Mostyn partaking of. Whether he had invested the ten pounds with one of the yelling members of the Ring, or had taken his fair companion's little bet himself, was an open question.

Again the starting bell rang, again the shouts of the crowd rent the air, the horses swept past the stand, and reached the post with Mrs. Mostyn's "fancy" a bad third.

"Oh, dear! I have lost ten pounds!"

"Never mind, Mrs. Mostyn. Better luck next time. There are four more races, and you may win it back with plenty to spare. Beginners, especially ladies, always have good luck, you know."

The unaccustomed excitement, and even the very small modicum of champagne, were beginning to have effect on the fair woman at his side, while that unfortunate *penchant* for tempting the god of chance, the gambler's spirit of gaming for gaming itself, apart from the question of winning, which seems to be inherent in so large a proportion of Englishmen, and in only too many English women as well, had taken possession of her.

The optimistic suggestions of her companion prevailed. Mrs. Mostyn chose another horse for the next race. It lost, as did each of her selections for the remaining races. Successful in her first venture, she failed to find another winner.

"Oh! I owe you fifty pounds!" she exclaimed, as the numbers went up after the last race; "how can I ever pay you!"

* * * *

"Any more a-goin'?"

The boatmen and skippers of the pleasure yachts on the beach were shouting their invitations to a sail or row on the "briny," the minstrels on the lower parade were discoursing music, sweet or otherwise, the sun was shining brightly, and the Brighton front was gay with excursionists, but all its gaiety was lost on Mrs. Mostyn the following morning. Like the gentleman in the song, she wore a worried look.

"Oh, pray don't let that little sum you owe me worry you, Mrs. Mostyn. There is no hurry whatever. Pay me whenever you please."

The "little sum" unfortunately represented a whole quarter's allowance, and Mrs. Mostyn, who was young and inexperienced in housekeeping, besides being good-natured and charitable to a degree, had already contrived to get rid of the proceeds of her last cheque, a fact concerning which, even before her visit to the races, she had some qualms of conscience. Her husband, for so young a man, had some old-fashioned ideas, one of which was a horror of debt.

"Oh, thank you," she replied, gratefully. A sleepless night had resulted in a headache, and she had refused to join the friends with whom she was staying, who were motoring to Worthing. On the King's Road she had met her companion of the previous afternoon.

"Oh, there's Jack," she exclaimed suddenly, with a glad little cry, and, with her face transfigured and the love-light shining in her eyes, she hurried forward to meet the handsome young fellow who came striding towards her across the crowded pavement.

Mr. Joseph Hawley raised his hat, and, after a moment's pause, strolled leisurely away. His face was impassive enough, but the malediction which he muttered concerning this unexpected appearance of Mrs. Mostyn's husband was not a pleasant one to hear.

"I managed to get away from the office for a day, and have come down to see how you are getting on. You are not looking so well as I had hoped to find you, though," said Mostyn, with an anxious look at his wife's face, after her first rapturous greeting.

"It's only a little headache, dear, and I am so pleased to see you that it will soon be gone," she replied.

(Continued on page 444)

In Constable's Country

Photo] **On the Stour: The picturesque lock at Dedham** *[J. A. Hein*

The road from London to Ipswich is uninteresting till a few miles after Colchester, when it suddenly drops into the beautiful valley of the Stour at Dedham, close to where Constable was born, and where for some years he assisted his father in his mill. The scenery that surrounded him in his boyhood left its mark on all his work, as it also did in the case of Gainsborough, another East Anglian son of the brush

(*Continued from page 442*)

They leaned against the rails, relating their experiences during the short time they had been apart. Unfortunately, the young wife could not summon up courage to confess her adventure of the previous afternoon, the memory of which marred the joy of this unexpected meeting.

"By-the-by, wasn't that Hawley, of the Stock Exchange, I saw you speaking to just now?" said Jack, after a little time.

"Yes, dear," she replied, hesitatingly, and the troubled look which had temporarily left her face again cast a shadow over it.

"I shouldn't have too much to do with him or any of his set, if I were you," said Jack. "They are a fast, gambling lot, men and women too. If there's anything I hate it's a gambling woman!"

She started as if she had been stung. Jack, whose face was for the moment turned away, did not notice that that of his wife suddenly turned pale as death.

"Have you been enjoying yourself?" he asked, after a pause.

"Pretty well, Jack. But, do you know, I am getting rather tired of Brighton, and would sooner be at home with you. Won't you take me back with you, dear?" she replied, rather wearily.

"Of course I will, my dear little woman, and shall be only too glad. You don't know how lonesome I've been while you were away, but I hoped you were having a good time, and so didn't complain."

His wife leaned lovingly on the strong arm supporting her own. The prospect of leaving the scene of her first initiation into the mysteries of betting was in itself a relief, and for the remainder of the day Jack had no cause to complain of the lowness of his wife's spirits. There was a tinge of mingled nervousness and excitability about her, however, which was new to him.

The next morning he took her back to Town, and in the varied occupations of their little *ménage* at Kensington, Mrs. Mostyn temporarily forgot her troubles. One afternoon in the following week, however, during her husband's absence at the office, she received a visit from Mr. Hawley. He made no allusion to the fifty pounds, and was still most courteous, but there was something in her visitor's manner which made his fair hostess uneasy and even indignant, though she could hardly have defined the cause, unless it were the prolonged time he had held her hand at parting and the manner in which he had looked into her eyes.

The next day she met him in the drawing-room of a mutual acquaintance, and during the week she hardly seemed to be able to stir abroad without finding her creditor in close attendance upon her. His attentions gradually became more marked, and his manner assumed a quiet air of possession which now made her hate the mere thought of the Brighton races more than ever.

She was vaguely conscious that people were beginning to talk. Hawley, indeed, now followed her like a shadow, and it could hardly be wondered at if they did. The time was one of torture to her. Suppose Jack should hear of anything! It had seemed difficult to confess to him at first; now it was an impossibility. Oh, what could she do to free herself?

The reply to her mental inquiry was not long delayed, for, on the following day, she received another visit from Mr. Hawley.

"I am truly sorry to have to trouble you, Mrs. Mostyn, but I have had some heavy losses this week, and should be glad of those fifty pounds if you can spare them," he said, after her first greeting, and with a glance which made the young wife's face burn.

"I am sorry that I cannot pay you yet, but I will give you all I can out of my next quarter's allowance," she replied.

"I'm sorry, too, for I am in immediate want of it. I suppose it would not be convenient for your husband to pay me?"

"Oh, please, please, don't ask him—don't tell him I was so silly, so wicked as to bet," she exclaimed piteously.

"I'm afraid that I must," said the company promoter, who, with stock and share scrip occupying but a small compass indeed, but to the value of thousands, in his breast pocket, was gazing remorselessly at his fair victim.

"Oh, what shall I do; what shall I do? How can I contrive to pay you?"

She had risen from her chair in her agitation. He drew closer to her, and before she divined his intention, leaned down and whispered in her ear.

She started back, incredulity mingled with the horror and indignation in her glance.

Then, as she caught the look of gloating admiration in his eyes, she, the kind, tender-hearted little woman, who would have stepped out of her way to avoid hurting a fly, raised her hand and struck the man who had insulted her across the cheek. Then, bursting into tears, she rushed from the room.

That evening, when Jack returned from the office he found his wife gone, without a word of explanation. All that his servants knew was that after receiving a visit from Mr. Hawley their mistress had hurriedly packed some things in a portmanteau, sent for a cab, and departed in it. She seemed, they said, very agitated.

In his own trouble and anxiety, Jack made persistent inquiries which resulted in his suspicions being aroused to a degree that made him nearly frantic. In the morning, however, he received a penitent, tear-blotted little letter from his wife, confessing and making more, perhaps, of the indiscretion into which she had been led than it really deserved.

She had fled to her parents, at the quiet old country Vicarage, and there, on her mother's breast, had sobbed out her tale of woe.

To Jack, the revelation came as a relief. He had dreaded something far worse, and he hurried to meet his penitent little wife, and, without one word of reproach, took her to his heart and home again.

He was, wisely perhaps, kept in ignorance of the full extent of Mr. Hawley's delinquency. The City man received his fifty pounds, with an intimation that his visits could be dispensed with. The young husband and wife are so much together, and evidently so deeply in love with each other, that the first breath of scandal was quickly hushed. Mrs. Mostyn has never made another bet, not even in gloves, but she will never forget the time when she lost her husband's money, and was in danger of losing something far more precious to him still.

CHAS. R. STEGGALL.

A Lady Burglar

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Stella Hammerstein, who has been playing the title-part of "The Lady Burglar" at the Palace Theatre

Miss Hammerstein is the daughter of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, who owns five theatres in New York, and who has just made a bold venture by opening a rival opera house to the Metropolitan, for which he has secured the services of many of the greatest singers. Miss Hammerstein, who has been studying music in England, has previously only played in musical comedy

The Shooting Season

A FEW REFLECTIONS FROM THE MOORS. By LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

A Season of Old Birds

By the time these lines appear in print, the result of the first fortnight's shooting for the season of 1906-7 will be common knowledge. The general verdict, as I predicted, is that birds are below the average, as regards numbers—very much so indeed on many moors. A large number of old birds are to be found in most bags this season, and though, of course, it is desirable that as many old birds should be killed as possible, for obvious reasons, still, for eating purposes, or yet for market, they are not of much value. As regards old birds, there is only one way of cooking them—at least, in my opinion. But that way is such an excellent one, and generally so little known, that I will give it in next week's issue of THE BYSTANDER. Once this recipe has been tried, I have no hesitation in saying it will be one of the most popular dishes in country houses, and the old birds will always be welcomed in the kitchen.

* * *

Man v. Nature

I do not wish to harp on the subject of the weather unduly. At the same time one cannot help sympathising with those who have paid mammoth prices for moors this season. It is certain that they will not see their money's worth. I sometimes think, even in the best seasons, they scarcely do, now that rents are so enormous, but when, in addition to finding only half the number of birds expected, and the month of August commencing so villainously, it is the last straw—and hosts deserve much commiseration.

Unfortunately, "mere man" can do nothing in the way of controlling weather. He may assist Nature in doing all that is possible for the comfort and well-being of birds, but that is all. When the bitter nights of frost come in May, as they did this year, the "Merry Month of May"—as people with poetic fancies style it—when flowers should be bursting into bloom, and the promise of summer upon us, instead of large broods being hatched in gentle weather, the eggs, in many cases, were addled with the frost, and old birds were found dead on their nests. Man can nowadays do many things, thanks to science, but he cannot control the frosts, or stay the floods.

* * *

Rowdy Keepers

I cannot help referring to the various ways in which shoots are conducted. One thing which always strikes me as being so curious is the way shouting is allowed by keepers and drivers on some moors. Such a thing as shouting in any kind of a shoot is unpardonable. It shows the greatest want of knowledge on the part of

SALMON FISHING IN IRELAND

Photo] **On the River Nore, Kilkenny** *[Lt.-Col. Crawford McFal.*

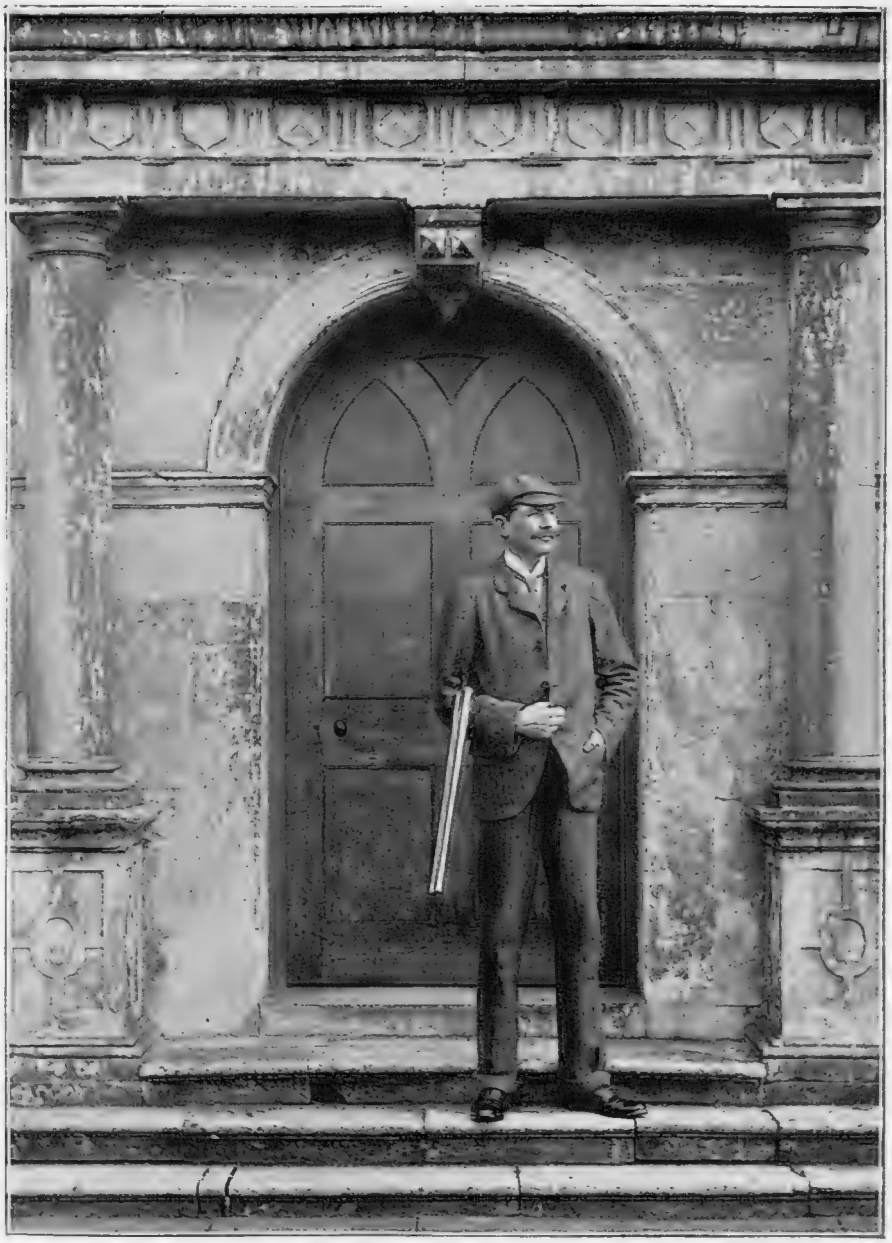
The Nore is a capital river for salmon and trout, and there is a fishery with an old charter at Woodstock, Funistioge, where great quantities of salmon are netted every season, and many fish are also captured in a net worked with "cotts," *i.e.*, long, narrow, and flat-bottomed boats. For all this, however, the rod fishing is very good, and there is no more game fish than a Nore salmon. Much of the river is free

any host who allows it for one moment. It likewise stamps a keeper as a very second-rate article who tolerates it. Yet, season after season, I come across it. If shouting did any good, one could try and put up with twenty or thirty men shouting and screaming, and giving forth fancy noises of their own. How often does one see a bird get up and fly back straight over their drivers' heads, refusing stolidly to face the butts. Then what happens? Yells — and screams! Even flags are hurled at the bird, who, as the row increases, only sets its head the straighter and flies the faster to get away from the hideous din. But as for *turning* birds by these battlefield sounds, or by gymnastics in the heather, drivers might as well save their energy.

* * *

The Importance of Flankers

A keeper well knows, or ought to do so, how a drive should be conducted. He knows the men he can trust as flankers, and their duties should be clear to them. The line of drivers should have their Section Commanders, those who are experienced, and can be trusted to enforce silence. Once the line is formed, and the flankers in place, let the head-keeper sound the advance by means of a whistle or horn. Let this be the only sound from this time forth, no matter where the birds are flying—this has nothing to do with the drivers. On the other hand, let the flankers be all on the alert, for their duties are very responsible ones. It is they, and they alone, who can divert a pack from breaking away from going over the line of butts. The best method of doing this is for the flankers, when they see a pack making away from the butts, to lay down and conceal themselves in the heather. Then, as the birds approach, to jump up suddenly, waving their flags for all they are worth. This will startle the birds, and often cause them to alter their course and so come over the butts. But even then, no shouting must be allowed; *shouting does not one atom of good.* Where silence reigns the most during shoots, sport is usually the best.



Photo] **The Earl of Darnley** [*Willoughby*

A keen sportsman and a good shot, Lord Darnley is the owner of beautiful seats in Kent, Suffolk, and Co. Meath. He is also a great cricketer, and among lovers of the game, he is still better known as Ivo Bligh

* * *

Partridge Prospects

I hear most lugubrious accounts of the prospects of partridge shooting from some of the best parts of England. At one time it promised to be an exceptionally good season, and everything was smiling until that fearful rainstorm came so unfortunately in June. Then all was changed indeed. The poor little chicks were decimated by the pitiless downpour, and this one devastating storm put an end to the hopes of a brilliant season. It is true, this storm was not general everywhere; places here and there escaped, and where these lucky places are, sport will be good. I hear in Suffolk—the county for partridges—that nothing worthy the name of what is known there as partridge-driving (meaning 150 to 250 brace a day) will be experienced. Still, we must not banish all hope. I have often found bad expectations not realised, and that things have turned out far better than I ever expected when I came to shoot. I sincerely trust this may be the case this present disobliging season.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

A Church Pierced by a Rock

A NATURAL MARVEL ON THE SHORES OF LAKE MAGGIORE

Visitors to the International Motor-boat Races for the King of Italy's Cup next month will have an opportunity, while on the shore of Lake Maggiore, of visiting one of the most interestingly situated churches in Europe—San Caterina del Sasso. It is, in fact, a church, the roof of which is pierced by a piece of rock, while yet the remainder of the building remains intact and unharmed.

Through the vaulted roof of a side chapel, and over a small altar, a long, needle-shaped piece of rock protrudes downwards, and continually threatens to fall, so devoid is it of any visible support.

The Monastery of San Caterina del Sasso

Which is built in a most picturesque and remarkable situation on the ledge of rocks overhanging Lake Maggiore

A Suspended Landslide

Several hundred years ago, a landslide from the mountain of Sasso del Ferro, the most beautiful mountain of the lake, came crashing over the edge of the cliff above, and one huge boulder struck the roof of the church. Then, a miracle occurred to save the church from destruction, and the life of the celebrant priest as he stood before the altar. The rock pierced the roof, and there it stuck, pinned fast by several other fragments, which press one corner of it down against the brick vaulting, so that, until that gives way, further movement is impossible. A climb to the point where the fallen rocks may be seen from above, proves that no artificial fastenings secure the rock in position, and engineers confess that even their science could not ensure a similar result.

Photos] **The rock-pierced church of San Caterina del Sasso** *[Archer*

Several hundred years ago, a landslide crashed through the roof of the church, and, by a marvellous freak of nature, a rock became wedged against the brick vaulting, and has ever since been suspended in mid-air

The Romance of the Monastery

The site of the edifice is as strange and romantic as could well be imagined, for it occupies an apparently inaccessible position on a ledge of rock in the perpendicular cliff overhanging the waters of the lake. Here, in a fissure of the rock, a man once buried himself for thirty-four years, existing upon food which passing boatmen put into a rush basket. The recluse was one Alberto, a man of evil ways, till his miraculous escape from a sinking ship off this spot caused him to repent, and devote his life to God in the foregoing manner. In course of years, his fame for holiness spread. He worked miracles, healed the sick, became venerated as a saint, and, at his death, a shrine was raised over his body. Eventually a monastery and the church of San Caterina del Sasso were built on the narrow ledge of rock above what had been his cell.

Lake Maggiore

Lake Maggiore, the largest of the Italian (or Lombard) lakes, being thirty-seven miles long and three miles wide, is usually visited by the traveller after the completion of the Swiss part of his itinerary, when the visitor betakes himself Southward to Milan.

"Bystander Abroad" Competition (Ninth Series)

(*Full particulars of this Competition, whose scope has been considerably extended, will be found on page* 414.)

"The Bystander" in the Himalayas

Mr. A. W. Tucker, B.A., Army Schoolmaster, Allahabad, India, writes: "This 'little English exile' can be seen reading THE BYSTANDER at Sandour Mussoorie, in the Himalayas, which is 9,000 feet above sea level, and it is only another instance of the way THE BYSTANDER holds a high position among periodicals"

"The Bystander" in Japan

Miss Lily Wynn, Kobe, Japan, says: "This picture was taken in the garden of the Hotel Tamsan, Takarazuka, near Kobe, Japan, which is in the vicinity of the famous Tamsan Mineral Springs"

"The Bystander" in the land of the White Man's Grave

Sent by Mr. David Palk, District Engineer, P. W. Dept., Cape Coast Castle, West Africa. He says: "The photo was taken at Akrofrom, forty miles inland on the road to Kumassi, in the Gold Coast. We found a copy of THE BYSTANDER in this village, containing particulars of the Competition, and forthwith acted upon the suggestion of one of our party that a photograph might be taken of such an interesting event. The picture shows the means of transport in a colony where horses cannot live"

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books to Order this Week

"L'Entente Cordiale—More or Less." By Raymond Needham. (Everett: 3s. 6d.)

"The Thames." By Mortimer Menpes. (A. and C. Black: 20s. net.)

"The Dream and the Business." By the late Mrs. Craigie (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

"Poems." By the late Nora Chesson. (Alston Rivers: 5s. net.)

The Late Mrs. Craigie's Latest

It is pleasing to have, so soon after her sad loss, Mrs. Craigie's last book—*The Dream and the Business* (Fisher Unwin). It is quite characteristic of that transition I spoke of last week, the period at which the author attempted serious treatment of life and its problems, without having entirely thrown off those qualities of wit, and that love of the *monde élégante* which was the outstanding trait of her earlier and most successful novels. The book is not, perhaps, as strong and as direct in its appeal as some of her other works, or as would surely have been her later productions had she been spared. It treats of the conflict between personalities opposed in their views of art and religion—Nonconformity against Paganism, aided by what is known in baser literature as a "love interest." It is more notable as a medium for the exchange of ideas on art, politics, and religion, than as an emotional study, even though its leading theme is the conflict—the "dream and the business"—between the passion of Sophie for the composer Lessard and her matrimonial obligations towards her jealous, strong-minded husband, Lord Marlesford. But the characters, who interest deeply in the opening chapters—where one meets them in Bayswater, Nonconformity's Mecca—dwindle in appeal as the book becomes more philosophic. If the book is, however, rather of personal interest as a specimen of Mrs. Craigie's transition manner than as a mature example of her work, it will be none the less attentively read by a world still smarting under her loss.

An Attack on the French

The books of the nations about each other have, of late years, entirely lost that genial quality of which the late Max O'Rell (and, of course, Mark Twain and J. K. Jerome) imparted to their criticisms. Instead, we have had book after book, by Mr. Crosland and his imitators, in which the prevailing mode has been sheer, unqualified abuse. Sometimes, as in the case of the "Unspeakable Scot," the abuse has had a certain logical foundation; in others, as in the case of the same author's book about the Japanese, the motive has been purely mischievous and the reverse of amusing. It is because I welcome a return to the old-fashioned, good-natured criticism that I hail with pleasure a volume by Mr. Raymond Needham, *L'Entente Cordiale—Moreor Less* (Everett: 3s. 6d.). Of course, the theme is the Frenchman, and the tenour of the book is a pretty consistent attack on the Gallic character. But one can read it from cover to cover, laugh at the truth of the author's thrusts, and yet feel that, with it all, the substantial truth remains, that Jacques Bonhomme is a thoroughly lovable fellow, and *l'entente* no end of a sound institution. The author, however, is unsparing in his ridicule of Jacques. He begins by proving him to be heartless; he continues to convince you that his "*politesse*" is superficial and a sham, and infinitely inferior to the British product. Then you learn that the Frenchman is a lover of vain things, chief among them himself, a creature of words! words! that he is a glutton and an excessive drinker (though *not* a drunkard); that he wears atrocious clothes, is wholly undignified; that the *joie de vivre* is a fiction, and the Parisian but a dull dog, the Press atrocious and illiterate, and—well, in fact, that every vaunted French tradition is a self-evident sham! Of course, if you chose to take the alleged characteristic of every nation under heaven—or of heaven itself for that matter—and set to work to analyse it, a clever man, with an evasive humorous touch, could prove it to be all nonsense. That humorous touch is, however, vital; without it you have bad taste and mischief. Mr. Needham has humour, and his book is as witty as it is well-informed. He knows his Frenchman as thoroughly as an exhibitor knows the points of his puppy. He tells you the whole indictment against Jacques, tells you truly and tersely and humorously, but leaves you with the impression that he is a whole-hearted lover of France and the French.

"L'Oncle de l'Europe"

As by way of a *tu quoque* to the above, comes *L'Oncle de l'Europe*, by J. Grand-Carteret, which, being interpreted, means His Majesty King Edward, who is herein shown in all the caricatures of all the nations, tasteful and otherwise, kind and cruel. The King is freely made fun of, especial stress throughout being laid on his partiality, as Prince and King, for the gay city and its delights, though some of the cartoons, belonging to the Boer War period, are tainted with that unfortunate ill-will and worse taste that led to certain painful incidents. Perhaps the most flattering of the Royal portraits are those in which King Edward is employed to advertise certain brands of cigars, while the most humorous are those representing him in his beloved Paris (especially that in which he is seen enlightening ex-President Loubet concerning certain *petits coins* of Paris), or in connection with a certain Imperial nephew. Throughout,

however, whether in good or bad taste, the cartoons reveal the Parisian journalists' perception of the human as distinct from the abstract political aspect of things. It is King Edward VII. the man that is seen throughout the book, and that it has given no offence in high quarters is evident from the fact that a copy of *L'Oncle de l'Europe* was accepted last month at Buckingham Palace, and its compiler, Mons. J. Grand-Carteret, officially notified thereof. Accompanying the cartoons, which number hundreds, is some very amusing and readable French letterpress good-naturedly describing and commenting on each cartoon and the situation which inspired it.

Irish Poems

Generally speaking, I am not afraid of modern poetry—the appearance of a new volume by Mr. Davidson, Mr. Watson, Mr. Austin, or any other of our regular muses, has, if anything, rather a cheering influence. That my emotions will be thrown into any violent state of activity by any sentiments to which they may give rhythmic utterance is unlikely, while, on the other hand, I am pre-assured of a certain amount of sheer literary satisfaction, for the modern British poet is invariably scholarly, and incredibly sound of technique. A volume of Celtic origin, however, is another matter. Where the sheer Briton leaves us cold, the Celt seems to reserve to himself the power of compelling tears. Here, for instance, is a little library of selected poems by the late Nora Chesson, issued by Mr. Alston Rivers. Mrs. Chesson (Nora Hopper) was a phenomenon. She was charged with Celtic emotion, facile with Celtic phrase, and her muse was a sort of sustained literary crooning. Dirges, laments, songs of dead lovers, and dead wives, and dying sweethearts, songs of sadness, of Erse legend-lore—tears, always tears. Anyone wishful to be thoroughly purged of any superfluous *joie de vivre*, induced by a too pleasant holiday, should try the Chesson cure. A few verses would make a Mark Tapley melancholy for a month. Needless to say, it was not from Ireland that hailed these really beautiful examples of the modern Irish muse. Mrs. Chesson had, I believe, never visited Ireland (unless quite shortly before her death), having been born in Exeter, and having resided at Kew. But, then, Irish fancy never takes its full flight from Ireland. The baleful influence of the base Saxon is an essential to the proper nourishment of the national thought. Kew is exactly the locality that would fertilise the fancy of an Irish poet, just as Westminster does the nationalism of the Irish politician, where College Green would, probably, leave it chilled.

A Mr. Dimmock

A book eminently suitable for boys' reading during the vacation (it would be too dull for girls) is *The Escapades of Mr. Alfred Dimmock*, by Fox Russell. Though I seem to remember having seen some of these "escapades" before in one of the juvenile weeklies or monthlies—I forget which—their appearance in book form will, no doubt, be welcomed by little fellows generally. Dimmock is a gentleman of youthful tendencies and habits who, for various reasons not very clearly defined, impersonates various people in various ways—such as, for instance, a Maharajah at a West End dinner, a Colonial Bishop, an Ambassador, etc., etc. I do not know that at any time, or in any of the "adventures," he succeeds in being particularly funny (save, of course, to himself, whom he always contrives to amuse), but then I believe the purveyors of boys' literature are seriously cautioned against any attempts at humour.

'Crusoe's Island" and the Earthquake

The information that "Crusoe's Island," Juan Fernandez, has been eclipsed by the Chilian earthquake will be read without deep emotion by lovers of literature. For one reason, it was not "Crusoe's Island" at all, the scene of Defoe's romance having been laid near the mouth of Orinoco, on the other side of South America. The island which has succumbed to the earthquake was that on which Alexander Selkirk lived for five years, and his experiences were supposed to have inspired Defoe. Even, however, if the actual Crusoe's Island had had a sufficiently tangible existence to have fallen a victim to seismic attack, it is somewhat of an insult to suggest that book-lovers would greatly concern themselves thereat. When a locality has been given literary immortality, it takes more than a mere geographical cataclysm to eradicate it. Had we been so sensitive as to preservation of the localities of our favourite stories, our lives of late years would have been a misery, for with the Strand improvement, whole chapters of Dickens were (geographically) wiped out. But I do not know one book-lover who has shed a tear at the L.C.C.'s ravages. Rather does one rejoice at these geographical assaults on literature. Better "Crusoe's Island" (if it had been Crusoe's Island) swallowed up by a submarine convulsion than converted into a seaside retreat for American tourists. Better Clare Market, the hinterland of Holborn and Dickens-land, annihilated than rebuilt by Jerry.

VIVIAN CARTER.

"L'Oncle de l'Europe"

King Edward, according to Caran d'Ache, of the *Figaro*

(From "L'Oncle de l'Europe," by J. Grand-Carteret)

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

A Dearth of Subjects

We have arrived at a time in the golf year when there is practically nothing going on of such a nature as to warrant public notice being given to it. All the great competitions of the earlier half of the year have been held and criticised *usque ad nauseam*. We have all extracted from them all the truths and morals that they contained, and we have perforce to mark time till fresh contests bring new problems with them. Meantime, in this holiday season of the year, when everyone, including the golfer, is rushing off by train, boat, or motor, to seek the spot and the relaxation most attractive to him, the golfing scribe's task becomes a burden to him.

"Should Professionals Wear Knickerbockers?"

He is well aware that the average holiday-maker cares not a brass button whether Jones or Smith wins the Town Cup at the Slocombe-on-Sea links, or whether Braid defeats Vardon or Vardon Braid in the interminable series of exhibition duels which these brilliant mortals are conducting on innumerable links; he is debarred by consideration for his Editor and his readers from starting a correspondence on such burning topics as "Are golfers over-squeamish?" or "Do we swear less in bunkers than our ancestors?" or "Should professionals wear knickerbockers?" profoundly interesting subjects which would undoubtedly fill his golfing columns for weeks through the agency of hosts of ardent and irritable correspondents, and enable him to take a well-earned holiday at some Continental resort, where a drastic course of waters and play on inferior but well-intentioned links would restore his enfeebled frame and re-invigorate his exhausted brain. Alas! devices such as these for filling his columns are not for him, but for happier scribes in luckier contemporaries. He, however, must sit down and cudgel his tired brain for some topic of sufficient interest to warrant its being presented to holiday-making BYSTANDERS.

The Charms of Variety

In my own case, this brain-cudgelling process has resulted in my turning my critical attention to the consideration of the beauties of variety in golf. We all know that at some period of the year a golfer will suffer from staleness. Playing the game becomes a burden to him, and he finds each day that his game and his temper are deteriorating. He takes stock of himself and comes to the conclusion that he has been over-playing himself. He feels hipped, and no longer takes pleasure in driving, approaching, or putting. For all the pleasure he gets from the game, he might just as well play throughout from tee to hole with a niblick and nothing else. At each hole of the course he usually frequents, he knows exactly what hideous crimes he is going to commit, and he is almost tempted, before the first hole is finished, to present his adversary with the stake he has wagered, and go home and seek repose on a sofa. In many such cases the sufferer from staleness leaves his clubs at home and goes off on a holiday to some rare and inaccessible spot where golf is unknown, in the vain hope that a month of complete absence from the hateful game, and, let me add, of inevitable boredom, may restore his interest in golf, and enable him to return with fresh zest and renewed powers to what will once more become his beloved pastime.

The Victims of Staleness

It is in the hope of saving the victims of staleness from committing the egregious folly of leaving their clubs behind them and seeking territory uninvaded by golf, that I raise a warning voice. Their staleness is brought on not merely by too much play, but by too much play on one course. That, I believe, is the secret of much staleness and bad play. The remedy lies in variety of courses. Instead of rushing away from golf into certain *ennui*, let the golfer make a golfing pilgrimage in either England, Scotland, or Ireland. Fresh courses every week will provide him with a series of delightful fresh worlds to conquer. If he can prevail on three other victims of staleness to share his pilgrimage, and add the joys of "bridge" at night to those of golf by day, I feel sure he will spend a charming holiday, which will do him more good than any amount of water-cures or avoidance of golf.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

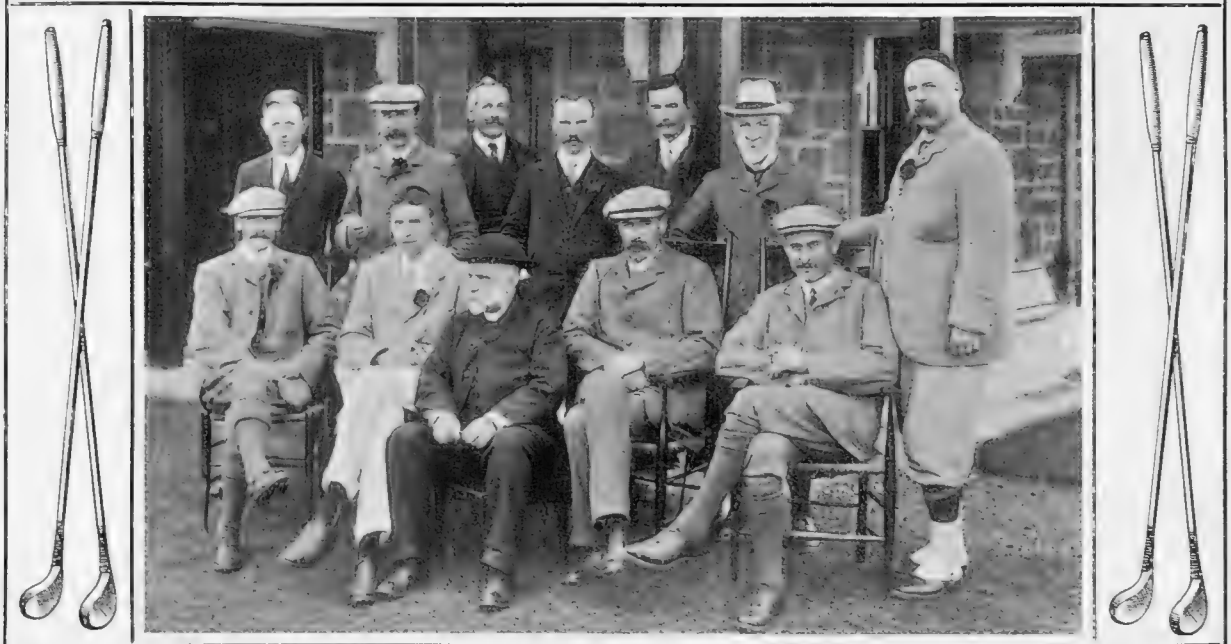
"But surely you are the man to whom I gave sixpence just now in the Edgware Road?"

"Yus, lidy, I've a branch there, lidy!"

Braid and Harry Vardon Meet at Dornoch

The Match between Braid and Vardon on the Dornoch Course: Vardon putting

The Open Champion. James Braid, met the ex-Champion, Harry Vardon, in a 36-hole match recently, with the result that Vardon was beaten by 5 holes up and 4 to play



Some players and celebrities at Dornoch

SITTING (*left to right*): Sheriff McWatt (of Ross-shire), A. Gordon Simpson, Rev. Dr. Grant (Royal Dornoch Golf Club), James Braid, Harry Vardon STANDING (*left to right*): E. G. Robinson (Hon. Secretary, Datchet Golf Club), John Sutherland (Hon. Secretary, Royal Dornoch Golf Club), G. P. Jacomb-Hood, Esq., Provost Machachlan (Committee, Royal Dornoch Golf Club), Captain B. A. Hill, Richard Winch, Esq., Arthur J. Ryle, Esq. (Captain, Royal Dornoch Golf Club)

Photos] **Braid, the Open Champion, who won the match, putting** [*Paterson, Inverness*

The match was watched by a large crowd of interested spectators. At the first round play was 75-all, but, though Vardon finished finely, he could not make up for the lead Braid had made at the beginning of the afternoon's play

RACING NOTIONS

ST. LEGER AND EBOR PROSPECTS. By "CARBINE"

How Will They Bet at Doncaster?

A few weeks ago, before any betting on the St. Leger had been mentioned in the papers, I was asked to express an opinion as to the probable starting prices at Doncaster. I am a thick-and-thin Keystone man, and knowing how greatly Mr. George Lambton has been impressed by that charming filly, I made her my favourite without hesitation. "You will probably get 'evens' about Keystone," I remarked, "Troutbeck will be about 3 to 1, and against any of the others you ought to get 10 to 1 and over." We shall see with what amount of accuracy the forecast works out. It was made, be it remembered, before there was any suspicion that there was anything wrong with Keystone. In the meantime, Lord Derby's filly has suffered from an abscess in the mouth. I am able to state that it was a very menacing ulcer, and Mr. Lambton was very much afraid that it would affect the filly internally. Happily, the abscess was confined to the mouth, and is now dispersed, so that it is possible once more to get a bit between her teeth.

"Mr. Jersey" at the Folkestone Races

Mrs. Langtry, who runs her horses under the name of "Mr. Jersey," was very successful at the Folkestone Meeting last week, when she won not only the Kent Handicap with Aurina, but also the Hythe Juvenile Maiden Plate. The same night, however, she was hooted by a well-dressed crowd at the Victoria Pier, as her performance was not long enough to please them

Keystone the Favourite

The filly's indisposition, so near to the time of the race, was sufficient to effect her position in the market. But the bookmakers, cautious folk, are not taking any liberties. They, at all events, do not mean to be bitten. And so the biggest price you heard offered about the favourite last week at the clubs and at Stockton and Hurst Park was 7 to 4. Moreover, the bookies did not seem particularly eager to lay at that price. The latest quotations up to the moment of writing are 6 to 4 against Keystone II., 2 to 1 against Troutbeck, and 10 to 1 bar two. So long as the filly goes along all right from now until the day of the race, she is, in my opinion, bound to harden in price, and I do not feel inclined to change the forecast given in the preceding paragraph.

How the Favourites Have Fared in the Past

Of all three-year-old races, the St. Leger is perhaps the most searching. I have been through the records for the event for the past fifty years, and I find that twenty-five first favourites have been beaten—a melancholy return of 50 per cent. "Odds on" favourites have won the race thirteen times, and have been beaten eleven. Racegoers will recall with a shudder the downfalls of Cherry Lass, Volodyovski, Jeddah, Orme, and others, and the victories of Challacombe, Doricles, and Throstle will be remembered no less sorrowfully. But the most sensational St. Leger on record was Theodore's in 1822. The horse was lame, and some extraordinary bets were made. One man laid 1,000 guineas to a crown piece against him, and another £1,000 to a walking-stick. And yet the cripple won.

The Great Ebor Handicap

York is one of our oldest race meetings, and the Great Ebor is accounted by many Northeners the chief handicap of the season. Not a brilliant lot of horses will run for it on Wednesday. People who lost their money over Golden Measure at Goodwood—very unluckily, because the horse fell—are hopeful of getting it back with interest in this race. Thus we find him a very strong favourite. I fully appreciate the excellent chance held by Mr. Buchanan's horse, especially with Maher in the saddle. There is a horse at Heath House who, though not seen out before this year, is, I am assured, well worth support. Personally, I do not care for horses that have been so long "on the shelf," but I think it right to mention Airship's name. My own selection is **Catnap**, and I take Golden Measure and Airship for places. For the Convivial Produce Stakes I fancy **Thrifty**, and for the Duke of York Stakes, **Sella**.

The Gimcrack Stakes

Much interesting history attaches to the Gimcrack Stakes, which keeps alive the memory of a gallant little grey horse who won fame in the early days of racing. The owner of the winner becomes the guest of the evening at the annual Gimcrack Club dinner. Apparently, the chief rivals for the distinction this year are Sir Edgar Vincent and Mr. Hall Walker, with Auber and Polar Star respectively. The last named has won all his races without turning a hair, but he has encountered nothing of the class of **Auber**, who will, I think, beat him. His Eminence may not be started for the Great Yorkshire Stakes, in which case **Bridge of Canny** should add to his recent successes.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

Cricket: The Race for the Headship

The team that comes out top of the County Cricket Averages is not always of necessity the best county team; but if Kent comes out top this year everyone will agree that they deserve their position, for their cricket throughout the whole of August has been brilliant in the extreme—the sort of cricket that it does one good to watch. In view of the success which they have achieved, the suggestion that C. H. B. Marsham ought to stand down from the team and hand over the captaincy to J. R. Mason as soon as he is available is positively funny. It never seems to strike people that one of the most valuable assets to a side is a captain who is able to play regularly with his men, and knows by experience how to get the best work out of each one of them. What about Yorkshire and Lord Hawke? And have Surrey ever been quite such a good side since K. J. Key was virtually pushed out of the captaincy? Kent's victory at Canterbury last week was their ninth in succession, which would appear to indicate that there is nothing much wrong with the captain, and that no harm can come of leaving well alone. Yorkshire's defeat at Bristol last week by one run was sensational, of course; it was also more than a little unlucky for Yorkshire. Rudston just touched his wicket when he looked like staying until the forty-nine more runs that were wanted had been made, and Haigh played on so lightly that only one bail came off, while, to finish up with, Ringrose was out l.b.w., after failing to do anything with a ball wide of the leg stump, which, at a less critical period of the game, he would probably have put right away. Yorkshire have had their last man out l.b.w., and have thereby lost by one run before; it happened nine years ago, and their conquerors were Essex.

Lawn-Tennis Varia

The brothers Doherty, who have been living at Scarborough for the summer, made one of their rare appearances at the Scarborough tournament last week; they did not play in the Open Singles, but they won the Open Doubles, and "R. F.," with Miss Eastlake Smith, won the Mixed Doubles. Unfortunately, apart from the Dohertys, the "class" of the male competitors was weak, so that the interesting point, as often as not, was whether their opponents would get a game. The Open Singles fell to A. H. Lowe, the Oxford Blue, who has come on a whole lot during the season. At Folkestone, H. Roper Barrett did the lawn-tennis player's hat-trick, for he won the Singles, the Doubles with A. D. Prebble, and the Mixed Doubles with Miss Morton. There was a high wind on the final day, and his play in the morning was a bit shaky, but it improved vastly as the day went on, and in the Mixed Doubles he was right on the top of his game. In this final, he and Miss Morton met the pair, J. B. Ward and Miss M. Coles, who so unexpectedly beat them last year, and enjoyed an ample revenge.

Burnup (Kent)

Rhodes (Yorkshire)

There were two cricket sensations last week, when Yorkshire beat Surrey, largely owing to Rhodes, but were beaten by Gloucester by one run, with the result that Kent, thanks to Burnup, are the probable champions, in which case the Championship will again come Southwards

Harvard v. Cambridge

It is a little difficult to say whether the excitement over the race between Harvard and Cambridge is really as great as the papers would have us believe. Whenever any contest of an International character takes place nowadays in any branch of sport, it has to be boomed for all it is worth, and the booming usually begins so soon that by the time the thing actually takes place, people are tired of the very name of it. To judge by all that one read and heard last week, the two crews might have been at the end of their training instead of about half-way through it, and it was quite amusing to learn that Cambridge, on the one hand, were likely to lose because of a disinclination on their part to row themselves out, while on the other, the chances of Harvard seemed (thus early) to be irretrievably ruined through the indisposition of two of their men. And all this before either crew had had more than a few outings on the tideway. As a matter of fact, the most that could be said then was that Cambridge ought to win, and he would be a bold man who could venture to say much more to-day, for there are still ten days to go, and in ten days a lot of funny things may happen. We need not be seriously afraid that Cambridge will underrate their opponents or that they will try to row the race in such a manner as to avoid unnecessary fatigue —even though the day may be quite hot. We may also expect the Harvard men to complete the course without falling out of the boat from sheer nervousness —which is one of their alleged failings. And in any case we shall have a good sporting race such as the heart of an English-speaking man loveth. It is good to know that our visitors are as courteous as they are keen. When, at Bourne End, it was found that the *Hibernia* kicked up too much of a wash, they at once lent Cambridge their own motor launch, and when that same launch was following Harvard there was generally room on board of her for any 'Varsity oarsman who might be wanting to study Harvard form. These little amenities assured them a warm welcome on their arrival at Putney, and their conduct, as a whole, will do much to remove from English minds the rather strong prejudice against the "amateur" American oarsman that was created by the Vesper disclosures.

Croquet

The selected ten for the Champion Cup competition—which is played on the American principle, each competitor playing each—are: Miss N. Coote (the present holder of the Ladies' Championship), R. C. J. Beaton (the present holder of the Champion Cup), C. Corbally, H. Corbally, M. Barry, C. E. Willis, C. L. O'Callaghan, C. D. Locock, E. Fawcett, and G. H. Woolston. Mrs. R. C. J. Beaton (*née* Miss Lily Gower) was, of course, originally selected, but is unable to play. The contest commences at Roehampton on September 3, and it is interesting to note that the Hale setting is to be used, with thick hoops. Another interesting fixture at Roehampton (immediately before the big event) will be the "experimental" tournament at which various suggested reforms will be tried.

An Umpiring Record at Lawn Tennis

The Umpire's prize presented by THE BYSTANDER at the Felixstowe Lawn Tennis Tournament was won by C. Eastlake Smith, who beat his own and all other previous records by umpiring thirty-five matches in the course of the week.

A. B. Close-Brooks H. G. Baynes H. Shimwell

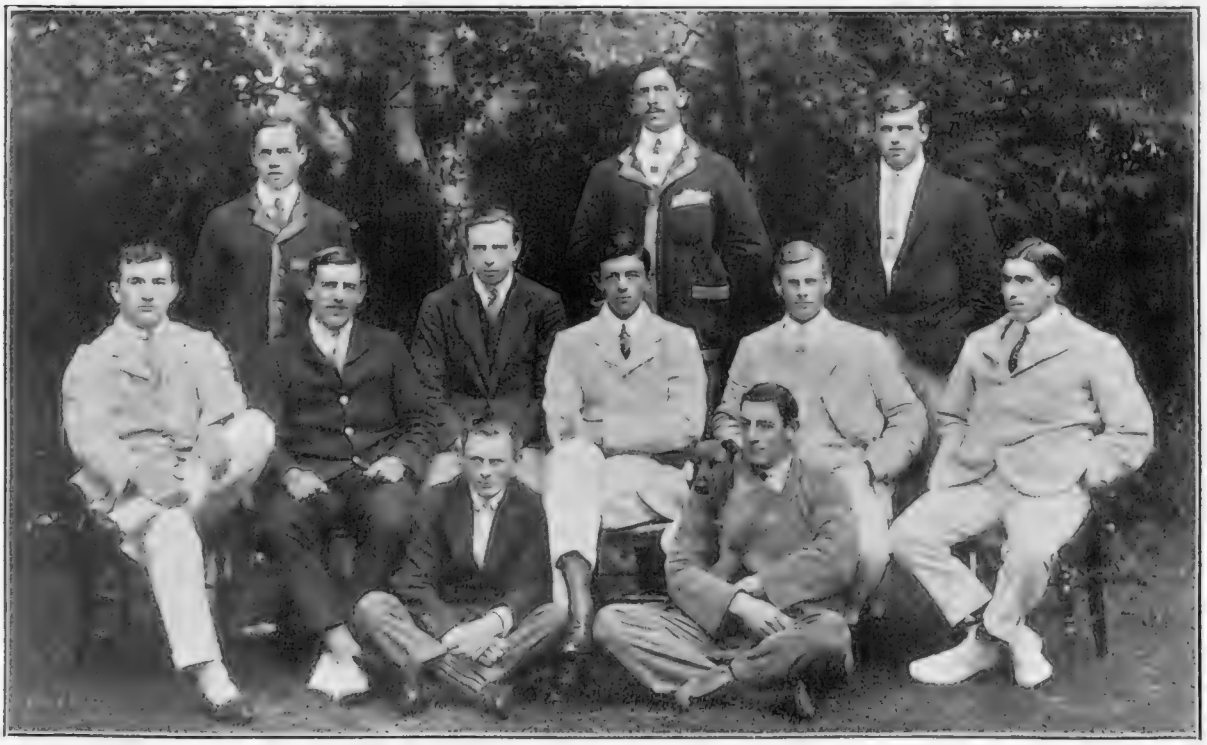


Photo *Stearn*

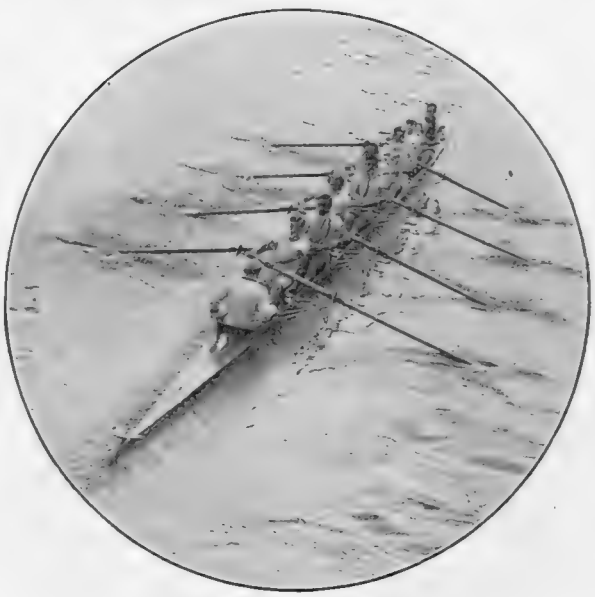
M. Donaldson B. C. Johnstone F. J. Escombe (coach) H. M. Goldsmith (President) D. C. R. Stuart G. H. F. Benham
B. G. A. Scott (cox) R. V. Powell

The Cambridge Crew, which will row against Harvard

Harvard v. Cambridge: Sidelights on the Crews

Harvard Crew being taken to the Boat-house

In all that they do the Harvard men lay themselves out to do their best



Will Cambridge Win?

In the eyes of many critics, Cambridge lack the grit and determination of their opponents, and may be beaten by them if they do not show more energy

Harvard's Last Practice at Bourne End: Launching their boat

Photos

The Harvard Mascot

Little Jimmie Wray, who is supposed to be a mascot to Harvard, is shown being carried in the arms of his father, the crew's trainer

Illustrations Bureau

Harvard Courtesy

Mr. Muttlebury leaving Harvard's launch. As the Cambridge launch made too much wash, Harvard, in a true sporting spirit, placed theirs at Mr. Muttlebury's disposal

Lady Flo on Circuit

(Paragraphs extracted from Her Ladyship's Correspondence)

I.—THE INITIATION OF IGNATIUS

By B. MACDONALD HASTINGS

The Duchess's poverty is really making her reckless. She undertook to engage Drinkwater's house-party for Pudsey Abbey—he was Ignatius Budge before his Pure Porter secured him a peerage—and as he and his wife ("Lady T.-T.") insisted on entertaining a sprinkling of their old associates, the whole collection is sufficiently cosmopolitan for a royalty's garden-party. Only the devotion due from a nicely bred niece to a diplomatically bred aunt—not to mention a fairly satisfactory *douceur*—has persuaded me to stop the full length of the engagement. Ignatius is rather nicely tailored for an alcoholic Baron, but he wears wing collars, and bullies his children. It is generally the way with the parvenu. He educates his family well, sees that they have plenty of money to spend, and expects them to grow up ascetics. Sophy, the eldest daughter, used to have a perfectly harmless taste for sweet tipple, and I believe he used very nearly to kill her if he caught her at the decanter.

The Duchess Pays Her First Visit

When the Duchess first called on them—she got there *viâ* Mrs. Orison, who has a wonderful nose for the discovery of ambitious parvenus—Sophy alone was in, convalescent after three nights' bridge at a Jewess's Park Lane residence. The dear Duchess was, as ever, thirsty, and Sophy and she tackled the port wine decanter. Suddenly Ignatius's big voice is heard in the hall. Sophy went chalk-white, and flung the two glasses through the window. The decanter might have followed, but the instincts of heredity triumphed, and Sophy popped the glass bottle under the Duchess's chair. While the Duchess was wondering whether she ought to scream or faint Sophy whispered into her ear, "Cover it up with your skirt. He'll kill me if he finds it." Enter Lord Drinkwater. He is most affable, and ready to talk matters over for hours. Sophy escapes from the room, with a last imploring glance at Auntie.

Nearly a Catastrophe

After an hour and a half's sitting, during which she tells me she talked enough hysterical nonsense to justify her being locked in her bedroom for the rest of her life, she plucked up courage, when the brewer's back was turned, to grab the wretched thing and hide it in her cloak. Then he asked her to sign a receipt! She rammed the bottle between her knees, and somehow or other managed it. But the nasty red wine ran all over her frock, and she vows to this day that she must have left a damning trail of tawny port from the Drinkwater drawing-room to the door of her carriage. Once inside the brougham, she wrapped the bottle up in the *Post*, and dropped it out of the window in a quiet corner, right at the feet—so she subsequently discovered—of Rory Devlin, who is in the Lord Chamberlain's office. He wrote a spiteful short story about the incident, called "The Duchess and the Decanter," and the editor of "Smart Set Snapshots" paid two detectives to follow Auntie about for months in the pursuit of scandalous copy.

The Rest of the Family

The rest of the family have no individualities at all. "Lady T.-T." drinks her husband's stout at dinner, but the specimens of their set that, to the dismay of the Duchess, they have insisted on including in the party, are wildly comical. They are all painfully rich, however, and I have not failed to secure a few trifling commissions in token of favours to come. It is part of the duty of a nice-dispositioned widow, who has got there through being the daughter of a bankrupt Earl, to extend a helping hand to the poor, wealthy dears handicapped by their parents' status. Anyway, it pays. I don't like doing it, *chérie*, but for quite a long time I had to wear longcloth lingerie, and that makes you very bitter against the world. I only became commercial for the sake of pretty frocks, and pretty trinkets, and nice furniture and food. Otherwise, dear, I should have been a nun.

Who's Who

Last night's dinner was highly entertaining, though the wines were only Class B. (They expect an archbishop next week, so we are suffering.) I was sandwiched between a melancholy, but wealthy Socialist and a vulgar little Jew, who made his money in corks. He said that in all probability all the champagne corks used at the function came from his factory. I flattered the little beast, and he actually pressed my hand. There was a Nonconformist manufacturer opposite—(he took in the Duchess!)—a flaming lady who discussed matrimonial obligations with Jack Bennett—(smart bachelor, about thirty-two)—a frayed alien Prince, who, I believe, calls himself a Count at boarding-houses, and a poker-hand of Drinkwater's wife's relatives, all prostrated with nervousness. In a thoughtless moment Ignatius took in Mrs. Orison, the best connected pauper that ever got into a royal enclosure. I believe she owes money to the British Museum, but the how of it is one of her pet secrets. She and her husband entertain largely at the Metropole in the season.

The Convicts' Choral Society

Emily proved to be in one of her worst moods, from what I could hear of the conversation. She told

Ignatius that he could be a life member, and attend all the meetings of the executive committee of her Tweenies' Rescue League for fifty pounds. He bought it. Emily gurgled sweetly and introduced her Convicts' Choral Society with the fish. It seems you catch the criminal when he leaves prison, and endeavour to restore him to grace by the soft agency of music. Every man who attends full practice is treated to a substantial supper and an encouraging address by a moral marchioness. The chief expense is connected with the cutlery, which has continually to be replaced. I think Ignatius promised a fiver. And so it went on. She gave him the Stranded Emigrants' Underclothing with the *entrées*, the Young Women's Rainy Day Slate Club with the *relevés*, and the Pigmy Bible Movement with the *entremets*. And through it all, the solemn Socialist on Emily's right ate on silently.

"Horatius, Who Kept the Bridge"

After dinner, they formed bridge sets, and the rest of us told naïve stories in the conservatory. The nervous relatives sat in a row on a couch. Lady Angostura told some yarns abominably near the wind, what time Mrs. Orison played Beethoven's "Unfinished" in the drawing-room. (Emily is intensely artistic; they say that a way-back ancestress of hers was lady-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth.) Suddenly a Japanese lantern caught fire, and suggested to Angostura the idea of a bonfire on the lawn to finish the gay day. Ignatius nervously urged the superior claims of the stable-yard as a site. After some discussion, Angy agreed to the yard, and went off to enlist the services of the bridge-players. The little Jew was very cross at the game being disturbed, and Angy promptly decided to give him the nickname of Horatius. I shall never forget Drinkwater's face as he left the room. "I suppose a *small* bonfire would be sufficient?" he said, very sadly, fiddling with the buttons of his waistcoat. The Colonel seized the opportunity of filling his cigar-case.

A "Feu de Joie"

The bonfire was rather a success, compared to the rest of the entertainment. We got some old tables and chairs that no one could possibly ever want—at least, so Angy said—and a lot of packing-cases, and the blaze was terrific. The village voluntary fire brigade—two men and a squirt—rang the bell during the evening, and Ignatius had to go and explain. I'm sure they thought he was trying to swindle the Insurance Companies. Angy wanted to dress up the butler as Ajax defying the lightning, but I think she was misunderstood. When the fire threatened to die down, the Duchess suggested a moonlight drive through the woods. Captain Brown and the bookmaker harnessed a horse to a big covered waggon, and the Duchess promptly elected herself conductor, and charged sovereign fares. Curiously enough, all our set seemed to have season tickets, but the Drinkwater lot paid up like heroes. When I lost sight of them, the waggon was meandering from side to side of the road in the most ridiculous manner, with the Duchess gallantly hanging on to the tail-rope. On my way to bed I passed Lady Drinkwater in tears over her lap-dog, whose tail had been singed by the fire. Ignatius had his collar off, and was very red in the face. The melancholy Socialist was offering him a tobacco-pouch.

In the drawing-room the prostrated relatives still sat in a row on the couch. Their red eyes followed me mechanically as I passed through the room. This morning they all look very ill. The missionary does not make nearly so many converts as the headache.

B. Macdonald Hastings.

Photo *M. Dixon*

The Old English Games at Grasmere: The start for the Fell Race

The great annual sporting event in Westmoreland and Cumberland is always the Grasmere games—the last of their kind in the kingdom. The sports include heavy and light-weight wrestling, the Fell race, the hound trial over a twelve-mile course, and pole leaping. The Fell race excites the greatest interest, and was won in splendid style by Dalzell, of Keswick, last year's victor

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Fugitive Fashions

The between seasons are always moments for tentative effort, and of such is the cross-over kerchief corsage, the folds carried quite over the bend of the shoulder, two or three frills of lace, that barely touch the elbow, constituting sleeves. To frill in the hiatus left by the fichu, a chemisette of the same lace is introduced, the completing touch of novelty afforded by the now oft-quoted shortened waist. Filling its hour with a grace there is no denying, it is impossible, nevertheless, to believe this style will acquire more than a temporary sojourn. In the first place, it is too easily imitated; secondly, apart from that shortened waist—which, by the way, is going to be "Caviare to the General" for some long while yet—the kerchief corsage is really just a little commonplace. Moreover, it is highly improbable that other than the *ultra-élégante* will consider the advisability of exploiting those incidental frilled sleeves that necessitate the wear of long gloves practically all the time.

Sleeves

Apropos of sleeves among the best-dressed women on this side of the Channel, there is evinced less and less inclination to court the extravagant and more desire to meet the decreed mode in a practical spirit. Outside the elongated, close-fitting undersleeve, usually of lace, with draped outer sleeve of the dress material, the most obvious encouragement is accorded a three-quarter length *manche*, by no means unduly large at the top, while such folds as there are, are deftly draped or twisted from beneath to enclose the arm with absolute precision below the elbow. This is quite one of the neatest, most attractive, and, withal, most reasonable little sleeves available at the moment, a twelve-button glove supplying all outdoor deficiencies. An eminently graceful affair, too, is that draped sleeve, which promises to be in large request for toilettes of more *habillée* character, where it affects a seeming of shortness without the actual discomfort.

Furs to be More Fascinating Than Ever

Foremost among the lighter type of fitments the prettiest confection is a *rabat* tie of ermine, thrown into relief by soft draperies of lace. Another model, also of the cravat order, is specially modelled to knot comfortably beneath the chin; but here, mark, and very seriously digest, the news, that the flung-over stole is as extinct as the proverbial Dodo in the eyes of those who reckon themselves among the elect. All the stoles of self-respecting character spread wide across the shoulders, and, needless to say, every known subterfuge is resorted to in order to secure an effect with the slightest possible amount of material. There has never been anything in previous peltry history, though, to match the deftness of the modern furrier in the manœuvring of three skin to look like six, a view that is frequently enhanced by a superfluity of heads, tails, and paws.

One quite exceptionally clever disposal forms a Zouave aspect worn in one way, and just a wide handsome stole adjusted in another, practically with the back turned to the front.

Original matinée or boudoir gown of flowered muslin and ribbons
(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)

Remember Seal Musquash

Also, ere the demand exceeds the supply, let those who have merely average sums to expend in furs turn their speediest attention to seal musquash. An entirely fresh dressing has been applied to this skin since last year, and a coat built of it, with due discretion, is placed beyond detection.

Now that so much rubbish is flung on the market, it is imperative to be up in such trifles as the difference between electric seal (shorn coney) and this remarkable seal musquash, sometimes confounded, and, what is worse, deliberately confounded when knowing, unscrupulous purveyors have the handling of the obviously ignorant buyer. Perhaps the clearest definition is declared by the prices. Actually the same model in seal musquash that fetches twenty-five guineas is obtainable in electric seal for four and half guineas. Tipped musquash again is amiably proving itself a most acceptable substitute for sable, only picked skins being requisitioned for this purpose, that are delightfully soft and velvety to the touch. For myself, I infinitely prefer musquash, faked after this superior fashion, to either Canadian sable or the inferior qualities of mink. But that, of course, is merely an individual opinion, and proffered in all humility.

A diminutive chapeau for the new coiffure

(*Drawn by K. Pleydel Young*)

Matinée or Boudoir Gowns

Empire styles have so long held the sway in the world of teagowns and *negligées*, it is only to be expected to find an emphasis prevailing in that quarter, the pictured model displaying a confection of painted muslin in hydrangea colourings, mounted over pink and trimmed *changeant* ribbon and soft frills of pink and mauve chiffon.

A Diminutive Chapeau for the New Coiffure

Entirely responsible for the continuance of the diminutive hat is the pouffed and curled coiffure. Were it not for this style of hair-dressing, the small hat would assuredly have vanished before this. As it is, the determination to bring in large and more picturesque shapes grows steadily. Nevertheless, to a piquant face there is, and will probably be for a long time, an irresistible fascination in such an extreme as is shown in our picture. Dove's wings, augmented and generally fashioned into what is technically known as a mount, decorate a shape of grey staw, the crown banded with velvet in a delicate moonlight shade of blue.

The Menu

SOME VEGETARIAN DISHES SUITABLE FOR THE HOT WEATHER

Baked Eggs on Tomatoes
Vegetable Marrow au Parmesan
Omelet of French Beans
Stuffed Cucumbers à la Roma (an Italian recipe)
Creamed Peas

Baked Eggs on Tomatoes

Allow two good-sized tomatoes for each egg, a teaspoonful of butter, pepper and salt. Dip the tomatoes into boiling water, peel and cut each in half. Grease a flat pie-dish, lay in it the tomatoes, season with salt, pepper, and castor sugar. Cut up the butter into small pieces and scatter over; bake in a moderate oven. When the gravy runs out of the tomatoes remove the dish from the oven and pour off the gravy into a basin. Set, on the cooked tomatoes, one raw egg for each person, and pour over them the gravy. Sprinkle chopped parsley over all, and replace in the oven till the whites of the eggs are set. Just before serving, pour over the eggs a gill of milk or cream. Serve in the dish in which the eggs were cooked.

Vegetable Marrow au Parmesan

Peel and cut in half a vegetable marrow; take out the seeds and soft part and cut it into neat, oval-shaped fillets about three inches long and two inches wide. Put them into a small stewpan with a piece of butter, and stew until tender; add pepper and salt and serve on fried croatons of bread, and pour a white sauce, into which Parmesan cheese has been stirred, over the marrow.

Omelet of French Beans

Cut up finely two tablespoonfuls of French beans, stir into them four well-beaten eggs, then add two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan, with a little pepper and salt to taste. When perfectly mixed, put the whole, with 2 oz. of melted butter, into the omelet pan and fry a pale brown. The time varies from three to five minutes.

Stuffed Cucumbers à la Roma (an Italian Recipe)

Take some fresh cucumbers, hollow them out partly by taking out the middle—where the seeds are. Make a mince of chicken or veal, mixed with a little forcemeat, chopped tomatoes, and butter (it should be a soft mince), fill up the cucumbers with this, and cork up the ends with pellets of bread or dough. Stew them gently in a brown gravy, to which add the insides of the cucumbers; the pellets of bread must be taken out before serving. Dish them up on long fingers of fried bread with the sauce poured over them; the sauce should be thickened.

Creamed Peas

Boil a pint of green peas in boiling water, a sprig of mint, salt, and a saltspoonful of carbonate of soda. When done, strain off the water, and put the peas back into the stewpan with three or four tablespoonfuls of cream. Season with salt and pepper and a dessertspoonful of castor sugar. Also add a dessertspoonful of finely chopped parsley, and stir over the fire till the peas and cream are thoroughly hot, the cream must not be allowed to boil. A little fresh butter may also be added to the peas, if liked.

EMILIA.

Automobile Topics.

Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

Road Club Activity

Now that the touring season is in full swing, it is gratifying to know that so excellent an institution as the Road Club of the British Isles is rapidly extending its sphere of usefulness. Motoring readers of THE BYSTANDER may remember that when the club was formed, some few months ago, it was pointed out in these columns that one of its main objects was to create and extend a thoroughgoing *entente cordiale* of the road. Hunting and coaching men, as well as most of the ladies and gentlemen prominent in automobile circles, realising the advantages offered by the Road Club, have hastened to join its ranks, and, as a result, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and the organising committee have been enabled to establish quarters in many of the most picturesque and interesting centres in the Kingdom.

* * *

Its Policy

It is the policy of the Club to arrange comfortable and high-class quarters in all the chief towns in the country, at which members on tour may find accommodation at reasonable rates, as well as something of that homely freedom which is all too seldom a conspicuous feature of hotel life. Members are furnished with a complete directory of country quarters, and when desirous to secure accommodation in any given city or town simply telegraph to the local club steward, who reserves rooms, orders meals, and acts generally as would the steward of one's club in town. Mr. Eden W. Paget, hon. sec. of the Road Club, is domiciled at 8, Clarges Street, Piccadilly, and although it has not been considered necessary to establish a club-house in London, the Savoy Hotel has been nominated as headquarters, while in Edinburgh the North British Railway Hotel serves the same purpose. The Road Club Guide, now in preparation, will contain full information as to quarters on some of the main highways, beginning with the Great North Road, whereon centres have been established at Hatfield, Stamford, Retford, York, Alnwick, Dunbar, and other places of note. Subscriptions are very moderate, ranging from four guineas to one guinea, which latter sum covers temporary membership for two months, and the liability of all members is limited to the amount of subscription.

A long-distance cab ride

This new Argyll motor-cab, shown passing through "Stamford Town," travelled most successfully from Glasgow to London, carrying a full load of delighted "fares"